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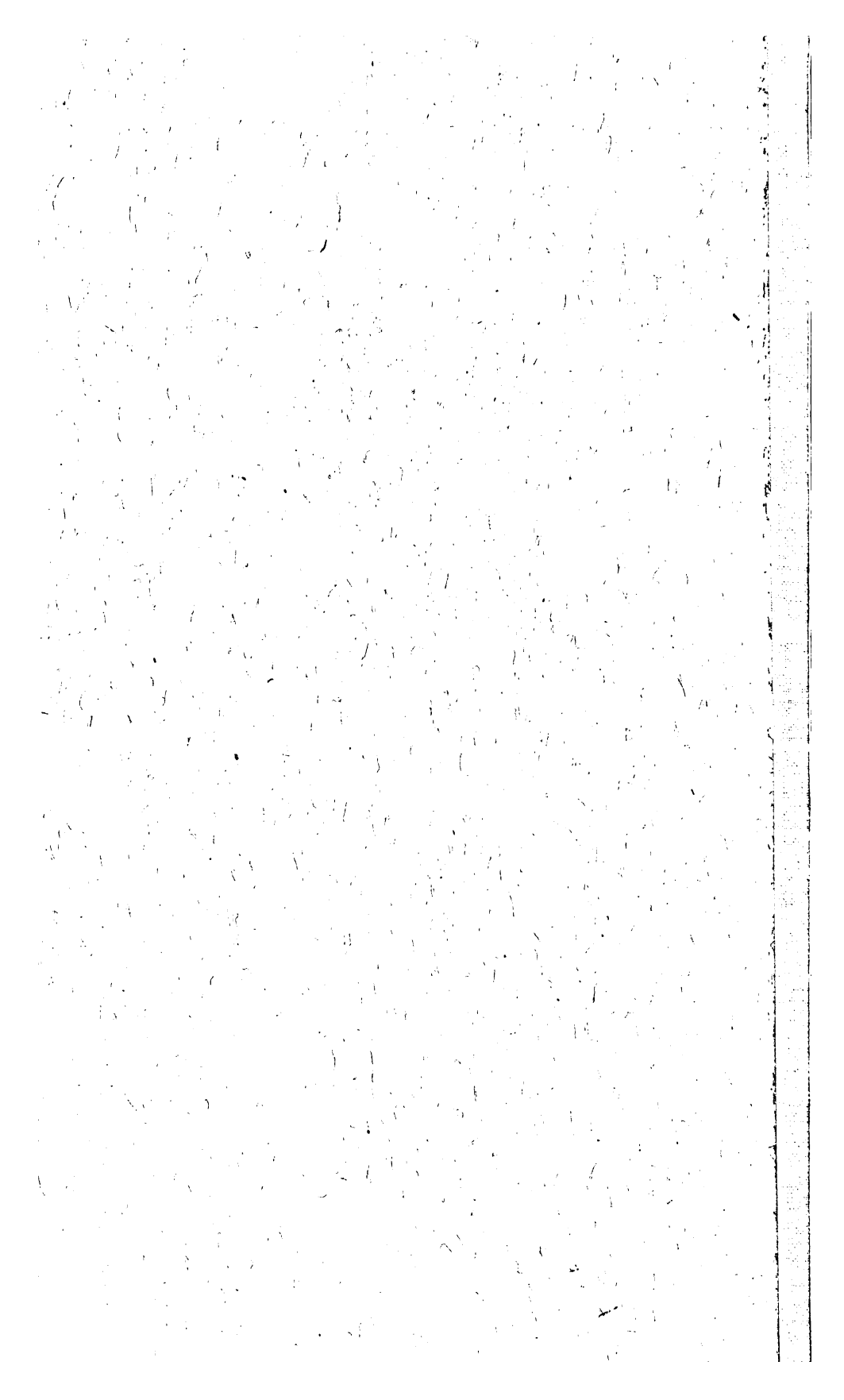
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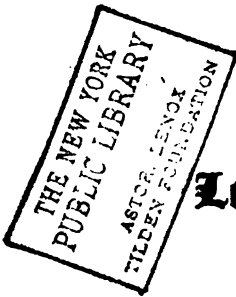
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Lessons in Criticism

TO

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ; F.R.S.

MEMBER OF THE DELLA CRUSCA SOCIETY OF FLORENCE,

F. R. S. L.

IN ANSWER

TO HIS

LETTER TO THE REVEREND W. L. BOWLES

ON THE

CHARACTER AND POETRY OF POPE.

It is never too late to learn.

Proverb.

WITH

Further Lessons in Criticism

TO A

QUARTERLY REVIEWER.

What is Sauce for the Goose, is Sauce for the GANDER.

Proverb.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES,

LATE EDITOR OF POPE'S WORKS IN TEN VOLUMES.

LONDON:

HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO. CHEAPSIDE,
AND WATERLOO-PLACE.

1826.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

I cannot too often and too earnestly repeat, (as, even among sensible men, there is still so much misunderstanding on the subject,) that there is not, nor ever has been, a QUESTION about the old story of "ART and "NATURE," with reference to the poetry of Pope.

The subject of "Art and Nature" was originally a mere incidental half-sentence, leading to the main proposition, respecting Pope, that "Satires and Moral Essays, however "perfectly executed, could not entitle the writer to the FIRST "and highest rank in poetry, the eternal basis of which "is founded on the unchangeable PASSIONS of the HUMAN "HEART, not on varying manners and modes of ARTIFICIAL LIFE."

It was Lord BYRON who rang the peal on NATURE and ART! As Lord BYRON, in his unsubstantiated but shewy rhetoric, brought various instances to prove, that in every instance enumerated, from the ship on the sea to the fallen temples of Athens, poetry derived her most interesting materials from works of art; it was necessary to prove that all his instances, so far from establishing his position, established the contrary: for instance, that a sailing ship became chiefly a beautiful poetical object from its association

with the sea,—the light—the wind,—the storm,—the air,—moral associations of power over the vast element on which it moved. The sympathies excited, when the objects of a distant voyage to unknown lands, &c. were contemplated—these added to the poetical interest.

So also in buildings, as the Pyramids, &c. such objects derive their poetical interest from moral associations, traditions, time, antiquity, solitudes, &c. I was thus obliged, as it were, in self-defence, to follow Lord BYRON's instances, and shew him it was the same in all. No farther than this have I ever been concerned about the question of "Nature and Art."

I thought it right to say this, because I have found, among the most sensible minds, that the idea of the ETERNAL discussion of "NATURE and ART" starts up, when any thing is mentioned about Pope; and, as usual, I have the blame for pursuing a subject, ad nauseam; when the onus probandi was imposed on me, in self-defence, of shewing all Lord BYRON's fallacies on the subject!!

In the following pages there is scarcely a word on this subject; but some things, I trust, will be found, not only substantially justifying myself as Editor of Pope, but further and materially illustrating passages and characters in the works of this distinguished poet.

Dedication.

TO THE

REV. RICHARD WARNER,

Author of Practical Sermons; Illustrations of the Scotch Novels; History of Bath, and of Glastonbury Abbey; &c. &c.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Take the liberty of addressing to you, as a well-known Scholar, Clergyman, and Gentleman, in the neighbourhood of Bath, the following pages; not merely to express my respect and regard, but, chiefly, because you are personally acquainted with the Gentleman who wrote out the extracts from Roscoe's Pope for me, "even to the *tiring* of his fingers!" This Gentleman, so amiable in private life, and so highly esteemed, is unwilling to have his name brought before the public; not that he fears fair and just criticism, but because he shrinks from contumelious and illiberal insinuations! No human being but one, who must have JUDGED *from his own* FEELINGS, and have been nurtured from

his infancy in the school of Pope's duplicity, could for a moment have entertained a suspicion, without the least pretence of evidence, that the correspondence in my "Final Appeal" was a *fabrication*; a "CLUMSY CONTRIVANCE" of my own, that I might make a parade of answering such arguments in Mr. Roscoe's Pope as I deemed answerable, and pass over, *cunningly*, such as I was convinced admitted of no reply! This *despicable insinuation*, the folly of which will be seen in the ensuing pages, is all the thanks I got for entering the field of controversy in the fairest, and most honourable, manner; that is, at a great expense, and with dullness enough to *sink my own work*, giving my opponent the advantage of first stating his own arguments *at large*, in his own words, and then subjoining my reply!

You know the plain fact; but to strike at the root of such *insinuations*, which could proceed from none but the *basest* and *meanest* of mankind, I shall relate the circumstances as they occurred relative to this correspondence. They are as follow.

I called on a literary friend in Bath, and the moment I entered the room, he told me that he had "*just been writing a long letter to me*," which letter lay on the table. I asked, "on what subject?" He said, "he had been reading "*Roscoe's Life of Pope*, and found so much relating to me in it, and so many opinions of

“ mine, critical and moral, disputed, not very respectfully, that he had transcribed some of the chief objections, and meant to have sent the letter by the post; that, supposing I had not seen Roscoe’s edition,—I might use my discretion as to whether I thought his arguments might require any answer!!” I informed him I had not seen Roscoe’s edition of Pope; but from what I had heard of it, I did not think I should give myself any concern about the matter, as I had weighed deliberately all I had said in my edition, and that it was a matter of indifference whether other people agreed with me or not. ‘However,’ I continued, ‘I would take the letter; and if I thought Mr. Roscoe’s observations entitled to any answer, I would send the identical letter to the Printer, with my answer subjoined; and I added, as he had begun, I should be further obliged to him, should any thing more in Roscoe’s work concerning me occur, if he would extract it.’ On reading the first letter, I thought it necessary to answer the extracts it contained, and put it as it was written into the Printer’s hands; the other letters followed; and this the Printer can testify.

This plain statement will be quite sufficient, to shew the ground of that ingenuous *insinuation*—worthy the *defender of the stratagem* of Pope in regard to *his* letters—that my correspondence was

"a clumsy contrivance" of my own, that only those passages should be selected from Roscoe's edition which I thought most easy to answer!!!

When the reader has remarked my answer to "the *well-observing*" Roscoe, on the character of Bufo, he will judge whether any thing was concealed, from conscious inability to meet such an arguer!

All I ever wished was a fair unprejudiced *hearing*; whether I shall obtain that, in my life, I know not. I have been so long condemned by a particular, inveterate party, that I cannot suffer what is here said to go before the public, without returning my thanks to those Gentlemen concerned with the periodical press, who, having seen how *unjustly* I have been attacked on one side, by *unprincipled* exaggerations, and *unfairly* met, on the other, by the most despicable *evasions*, have, whenever occasion offered, spoken as they felt. With every wish for the health, welfare, and happiness of yourself and family, and prayer of added years to ALL, believe me most truly,

W. L. BOWLES.

Bremhill, Jan. 7, 1826.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Public may well be tired of any thing more on the subject of Pope, or his Poetry! I hoped my "*Final Appeal*" would have been indeed "*final*," but Mr. Roscoe has thought it right to send into the world something in the shape of an answer, in a Letter addressed to me. Though it may be objected that I have "*more last words*," as I said I should take no further notice, unless Mr. Roscoe chose to reply, I am now compelled again, and assuredly for the LAST time, to expose his tissue of irrelevancies, shallow sophisms, artful evasions, unjust reflections, and flippant personalities, which he has brought forward under the name of a reply to arguments which he could not better answer.

To give the public an idea of the chief topics of Mr. Roscoe's Letter addressed to me, on the subject of my "*Final Appeal*" relative to

Pope, &c. it may be necessary to premise a few explanatory circumstances.

The objects in dispute, as far as they are prominent in his Letter, are few. No argument is met fairly ; and his whole Letter appears to be a vehicle of disappointed irritation ; a feeble effort to wound personal feelings, where argument and common sense foil him.

On this account, he has revived Lord Byron's satire, in which I am accused of "*envy, hatred, and malice !*" On this account, he has occupied seven or eight pages, with splenetic observations on a piece of satire written by myself solely in consequence of insulting provocations. Of the origin and cause of this piece of satire, Mr. Roscoe, most ingenuously, says not a word, that he might fix intemperance and acrimony on me, when he knew that the origin was simply this. His "*Fidus Achates*," the late Mr. Gilchrist, among other opprobrious reflections, had declared, that those Poems, which Mr Roscoe, in the superiority of his erudition and taste, calls "*sentimental sonnets*" were "the superstratum of innate vulgarity !" of which innate vulgarity, he who never knew me must be a consummate judge ! and as if his decision, supposing him competent to judge, ought to be admitted as infallible as that of a certain Beau Nash, *arbiter elegantiarum* at Bath !! And then be it further asked, what

has this to do with the question of Pope? In answer to so flippant and irrelevant a remark, I observed, that, on this particular occasion, I would leave my "*sentimental sonnets*," and try what I could do in the *satiric* line, for no better subject could be given than himself!!

I then wrote the lines which have caused such anxious inquiry in Mr. Roscoe, as to who can be the "dark reviler," the "vile miscreant!" and to whom the "fiendish claws," and the "fiendish character" can apply, which I applied first to an anonymous reviler who made Reviews vehicles of personal abuse, and in particular to him, by *name*, who was the intemperate one of these revilers! With wonderful powers of invention, and equal justice and charity, Mr. Roscoe applies the character to myself, who never was a reviewer, and never dealt in calumnies!

The impotence of anger, which has gratuitously revived Lord Byron's severe verses, and the triumphant parade with which Mr. Roscoe has again trumped up lines of satiric retaliation, written under feelings of provocation at the moment, and long by me forgotten, I leave the reader to appreciate.

But as Mr. Roscoe, for no other reason than as he hopes to inflict a wound on me, has not suffered even the peaceful grave to interpose its awful silence on conflicting passions, it may be necessary to explain, though as briefly as possible, some of

the circumstances in the controversy, which led to any *severity of retaliation* on my part.

I must, therefore, solicit the reader's attention, very unwillingly, to an extract of a letter from the late unfortunate Editor of the London Magazine, in which appeared the first outrageous attack on my character as a man, and my feelings as a Christian Minister.

" London, ———

" I have felt anxious to address you in my *private capacity*, to express my regret, that, on *two* several occasions, I have been compelled to admit, as Editor, communications of correspondents, who take different views of your literary merit than what I entertain, and HAVE LONG ENTERTAINED!— But, in a review of Spence's Anecdotes, &c. the article SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ADMITTED, had I not been *dangerously ill* at the time."

This Gentleman was an entire stranger;* and the writer of the article on my Life of Pope, which he "would not have admitted, had he not been on the bed of sickness," was his own particular friend! The reader will judge of the original provocation by this fact alone.

A misunderstanding having afterwards taken place between Mr. Scott, the then Editor of the London Magazine, and myself, respecting a per-

* Except having accidentally seen him at Mr. Moore's lodgings, for five minutes.

mission to allude to his testimony, which he conceded to me, formally and unrestrictively, as can be proved by a second letter ; a third letter was *got up* between him and Mr. Roscoe's Achates, in apparent contradiction of all he had said before. This letter Mr. Gilchrist published, and *quo animo* must be apparent. As Mr. Roscoe has, in so ingenuous and manly a manner, revived Lord Byron's satire, for want of better arguments, he may be glad to *revive* this letter ; and if such expedients may stand him or his cause in any stead, he is welcome to them ; but the public will judge of the hopelessness of a cause supported by such means !

I have most unwillingly alluded to these facts, hoping that every thing that passed between me and Mr. Gilchrist, now the grave has closed upon him, would have been forgotten :—and so far were any unkind feelings from my heart, that the moment I heard he was no more, I wrote to my then booksellers, Messrs. Longman and Co. requesting them TO DESTROY ANY PUBLICATION OF MINE, in which, though but in retaliation, I had SPOKEN OF HIM WITH DISRESPECT, that NO REMEMBRANCE, ON MY PART, OF LITERARY HOSTILITY, should remain, but be for ever buried in the grave with him who caused it.

This was the purport of my letter, of the truth

of which I have no doubt those respectable Gentlemen would give evidence.

The remembrance of these forgotten bickerings, Mr. Roscoe, for apparent reasons, chooses to revive; forgetful how little it can affect me, who have only a plain story to tell.

Mr. Roscoe, then, will in vain resort to the hardness of assertion, that *I have scattered the dirt about with so liberal a hand*, that, in my "hatred to Pope, I have sought to daub with this adhesive material *his defenders*;" when the very reverse of this is the truth, as Mr. Roscoe knows.

Except in the single case of outrageous provocation, I defy him to bring forward ONE SENTIMENT—ONE SENTENCE—ONE WORD, which a Gentleman would not use to a Gentleman.

I have already quoted an extract from the letter of the late unfortunate and lamented Editor of the London Magazine.

On the last letter of Mr. Gilchrist, which charges me with duplicity and falsehood, I made no remarks whatever, having for once exposed such a "mode of controversy" as he the friend, the *Fidus Achates*, of Mr. Roscoe, thought fit to adopt; and turning with scorn from the man who said I accused Pope of an attempt to *commit a rape*, and who called Dr. Warton "*a dead schoolmaster!*"

I condescended to notice some of his first scurrilities, and unfortunately attributed to the same

hand a piece of criticism in the Quarterly Review, but beyond this, I defy the ONLY DEFENDER of personal scurrilities to prove that in all my writings, and even controversies, having answered Mr. Brougham, Mr. Campbell, and Lord Byron, I ever uttered ONE WORD of bitterness—OR UNKINDNESS—or even incivility.

In conclusion I should be most happy to avail myself of any opportunity, manfully or ingenuously to confess where I have been wrong, totally regardless of any reasonings of Mr. Roscoe.

I now come to the notable piece of criticism, in the front of the Quarterly Review, No. 64, in the year 1825, in the article on Roscoe's Edition of Pope's Works.

This article, ostensibly on Mr. Roscoe's edition of Pope, contains very little on that subject, a great deal on other Editors, and most of all on Bowles "in particular."

Mr. Bowles, therefore, being the only one of those Editors living, and having been so *particularly distinguished*, feels himself "*particularly*" called upon to meet the more redoubtable critic, who succeeds the weak and angry Roscoe.

The edition of Pope which has my name was published nearly twenty years ago.

I need not detail the circumstances that led me, as a pupil of the late Dr. Warton, the previous editor, to engage in this undertaking.

This edition of Pope passed *muster* very well when it was published. It contained many original and some most interesting letters. For the notes on the poetry, praise, however "*faint*," has been given by this reviewer; but my hostility to the poet's moral character is "still unaccountable." And the review closes a series of abuse, more or less rancorous, on my edition, and on me "*in particular!*"

My only gentlemanly opponents were Mr. Campbell and Lord Byron. I do not speak of Lord Byron's satire, but of his letter to Mr. Murray: and such opponents Mr. Roscoe classes with a reptile, who took advantage of his friend's illness to crawl out, and pollute with poisonous slime the page of a most respectable periodical publication?

The Quarterly now opened its first battery. Of the battle I shall say nothing, and I shall pass over the little personalities relating to the "*family of the Bowles's*,"* who talked about "NATURE for three thousand years!" One of that family has since shaken hands with this Quarterly Reviewer,

* It was on this account I attributed it to Gilchrist.

has partaken his salt, forgotten what was said disrespectfully of the "BOWLES'S," and wishes him sincerely long health and leisure in his interesting literary pursuits, which have added to the stock of public instruction and amusement; and may he have no further "*quarrel*" with any of the family of the Bowles's, or any one else, as long as he lives!

I allude to these circumstances reluctantly, and have hitherto avoided doing so as much as possible; but my opponents have so leagued a literary cause with incessant personalities, I am in some measure compelled to say thus much, that the reader also may better understand the connection of the causes which led to the most acrimonious part of the contest, and judge, from facts, of the treatment I have received, and given in return.

This brief history is, on the present occasion, the more necessary, as the Reviewer has recurred to some expressions of mine, with an affected sarcasm on the treatment in the controversy with Lord Byron, with which "I seemed delighted."

I will say, such a contest with such a mind, in comparison with the *vulgarity* which I had before experienced from "him of the London," was *delightful*; and I will explain the reason.

Lord Byron alluded to some tale,—I know not what—of my early years—it was in *bad taste*. I am ignorant, to this day, of the circumstance to which he alluded; but I suppose I was not more

free from youthful indiscretions than many better and wiser men. I smiled at his Lordship's entertaining illustration of my ideas, of the minute descriptions of external nature, by his exemplification, from poor Sheridan, of Whitbread's description of the Phoenix, who, as Sheridan related the story, described "his *Phoenix like a poulterer !*"

I paid in kind an illustration of my temper, which he brought from a *sensitive* DOCTOR on board a ship; but I was conscious that I had the advantage of the argument, and even those who thought I must succumb under such a powerful hand, admitted I had "thrown light on the subject."

In this contest, with such a person as Lord Byron, all was light, airy, and good-humoured, on his part. Lord Byron, as a man of genius, never took paltry advantages, by quibbling about words.

The most irksome and irritating kind of controversy is to be engaged with an *etourdi*, who does not, and cannot be made to perceive the main bearing of your arguments, but seizes on some corner, thinks he gains advantage by verbal quibbling, and instead of stating clearly tangible ideas, gets up a heap of words, elaborately and confusedly, which you cannot understand, and which he does not understand himself.

So true it is,

"Your true *no meaning* puzzles more than sense."

From all this mode of warfare Lord Byron was clear. His sound understanding was above cavilling.

It is no wonder, then, having been assailed by the *muddy* missiles of such a mind as that possessed by him, whom Roscoe would unite as my opponent with Lord Byron and Mr. Campbell,—that, with minds such as theirs, controversy itself was delightful.

Lastly, I could not be insensible to the advantage in having Lord Byron for my antagonist, by being able to get a *hearing*! Though I cannot suppose that my answer was half so extensively read as his Letter, yet the sale was rapid, and the *answer was read*, which alone was of service to me.

I must here do willing justice to the publisher of Lord Byron's Letter.

In the most prompt manner, Mr. Murray consented to publish my answer, and to this circumstance, likewise, I must attribute considerable success in the dispersion: and I also must add, that, as far as the publisher of Lord Byron's Letters was concerned, I always experienced from him the utmost fairness of conduct, and urbanity of manners. Some raillery in the following pages, I trust he will forgive.

I shall pass over some minor antagonists, and a

little *bush-fighting*, till we come to Roscoe, the Member of the Academy of Della Crusca at Florence, armed at all points, with a Mouse and Frog rampant, on his shield, for supporters, and a lance of a Bullrush, and a Cucumber for his crest, in defence of a *degraded* poet, and his peerless princess.

As to poetry, the "invariable principles" every attack has made stronger. The fundamental positions were not so much respecting NATURE and ART, as PASSIONS! and Roscoe's attack only shews that these principles are not only invariable, but invulnerable.

Leaving, therefore, Mr. Roscoe, I proceed to take up the gauntlet of the Reviewer, with the consciousness of being somewhat unworthily treated; yet not unconscious, also, of my own strength, and the justice of my cause.

In the mean time, I have only to say to the reader,

For us, and this our "controversy,"
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently!

There is one point on which I earnestly solicit the candour of the reader.

The *Pope-pollution defenders* first arraigned me for imputing any sentiments to him, but those of

virtuous purity ; and when I am absolutely obliged, in self-defence, to bring forward passages which I should not otherwise have thought of producing before the public, they turn round and accuse me of indulging in the gratification of fishing for such filth !

Their own obstinacy *forces* the ungrateful task on me, and then I am arraigned on a fresh charge.

I never should have quoted the passage from Pope's letter to Lady Mary, if I had not been compelled to shew the daringness of their denial.

For the passages of this kind, which they themselves have *forced out*, I ask no candour of them. I know well enough what to expect from such *pollution* defenders; but I throw myself on the candour of every fair-judging and liberal mind.

Who brought into the full blaze of light Pope's most disgusting impurities?—His DEFENDERS ! Who caused the obscene Imitation of Horace, of which I said not one word in my Life of Pope, to be brought into such infamous publicity?—Pope's DEFENDERS ! Who *forced out* the specimens—some of which were too scandalous to be printed, even in self-defence—who *forced out* these specimens of his decency to married and unmarried women?—His DEFENDERS ! Who dragged all his frailties most glaringly into light?—His later stupid—his besotted—his hypocritical—and his BLIND DEFENDERS !!! although their insane resentment

constantly recoils off themselves, and gives me, whom they vainly try to overwhelm, fresh advantages at every step ; and instead of overwhelming me, has overwhelmed themselves, by giving me the advantage of consigning them to contempt and ridicule, as will be confirmed in the following pages!

“ Let the gall'd jades wince,
 “ Our withers are unwrung !”

Hamlet.

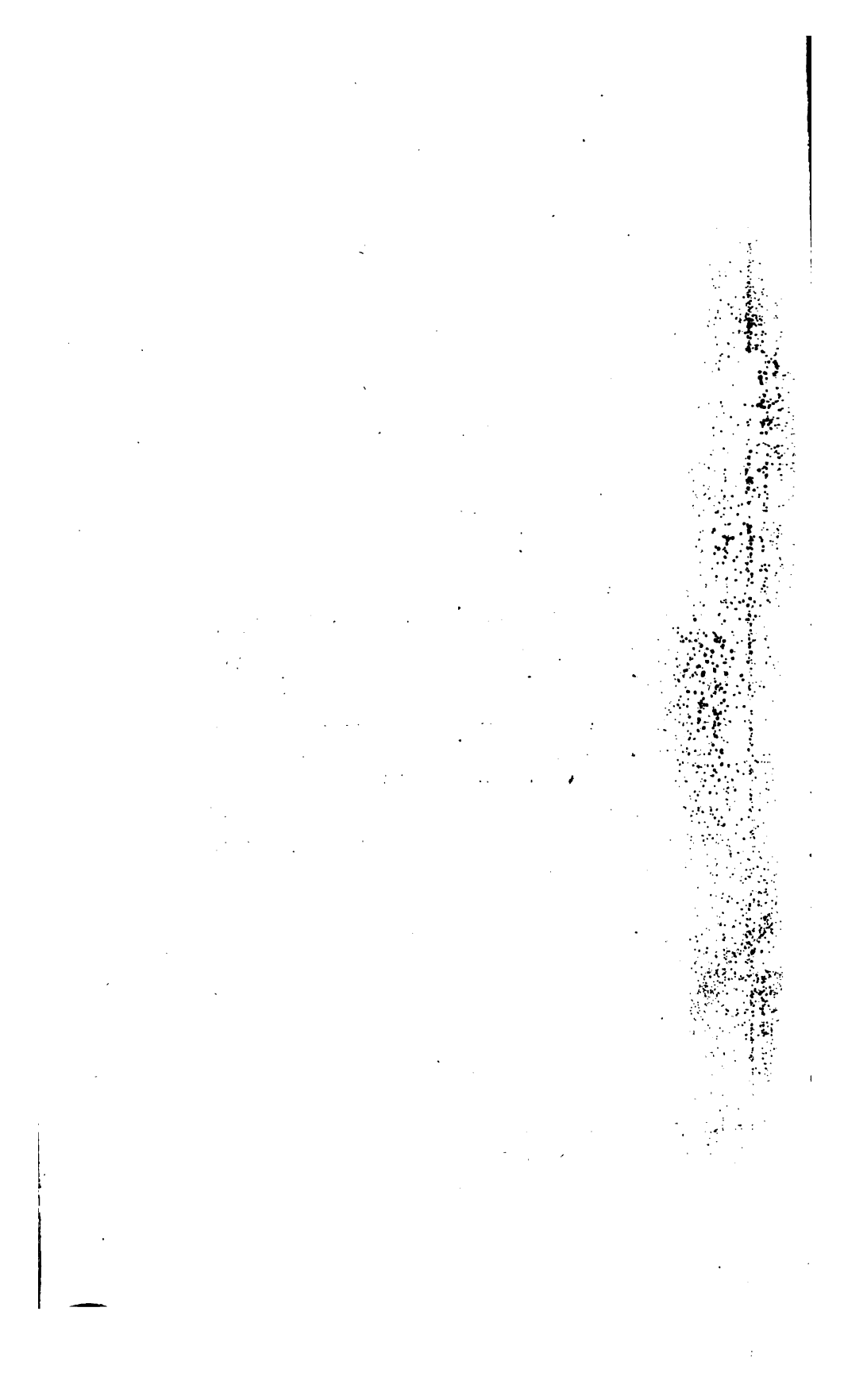
Bremhill, Nov. 15th, 1825.

LETTERS

TO

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ. F.R.S.

**MEMBER OF THE DELLA CRUSCA SOCIETY OF FLORENCE, AND
ASSOCIATE OF THE FIRST CLASS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY
OF LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.**



A · LETTER, &c.

SIR,

I sincerely regret that I feel myself obliged to add to that character for “pertinacity,” which you have ascribed to me, by making some reply to the public letter I have had the honour of receiving from you.

If it be “pertinacious” not to submit to have sentiments attributed to me, which I disavow ; if it be “pertinacious” to reply to unsubstantial arguments ; I fear you will think me as “pertinacious” as ever.

Yet, however stealing years may admonish me of “*discretion*,” I am not aware of any “extraordinary” manner in which I have “*carried on controversies*”—but I am aware of the “extraordinary” manner in which controversies have been carried on towards myself.

As to “*vexation*” or “*disadvantages*,”—to be “*vexed*,” I must have felt that I deserved the per-

sonal abuse I have received ; and as to "*disadvantage*," I *could* feel none, when Lord Byron, and still less Mr. Roscoe, puffing like Falstaff after the battle was over, could not shake those principles which I laid down as the basis of appreciating the highest character of poetry.

The "*veraxion*" and sense of "*disadvantage*" are confined to your own breast ; and I suspect that what I have to say will not tend to lessen them ; I am at least relieved from any further apprehension of giving pain to a Gentleman, whom I sincerely wished to respect.

I shall not here stoop to make any comparison between the "*extraordinary*" treatment in this contest which *I have received*, but at once set before the public a specimen of your superior "*courtesy*," and fairness of argument !

With the eagerness of insult, you seize the first passage on which you can hang a disingenuous piece of personality, and say you have seldom seen any thing so "*pathetic* !"

With the same generous purpose you gratuitously revive—conscious of your own impotence—Lord Byron's bitterest lines; and with equal manliness of feeling, and happiness of invention, devote *seven pages* of a two shilling pamphlet to decide the important question, whether to myself are not most applicable some verses written under a sense of provocation, and undeserved insult, of which

provocation you take care not to say one word ; manifesting an equal regard to the justice, as to the *happiness*, of the application !

In the course of your letter, your mildest designation of me is, that I am a writer of "*sentimental sonnets* :." And it would not be believed by any liberal and honourable mind, that, merely because I said, in my "Final Appeal," that a "resident "Clergyman" had more important occupations than *criticisms*, my opponent gives to the writer of "*sentimental sonnets*" the more "*degrading*" appellation of "*resident Clergyman* !!"

Now, Sir, if I am not mistaken, before he lays down his pen, the "writer of *sentimental sonnets*" will give the "writer of the Life of Lorenzo,— "the member of the Della Crusca Society of "Florence !" aye, "and the associate of the "FIRST CLASS of the Royal Society of Literature,"—a lesson which he will remember during the remainder of his life ! The "resident Clergyman of the Church of England" will only point out a text, which, it is apparent, the writer of the letter to W. L. B. has never properly reflected upon—recommending him not to "strain at "GNATS, and swallow CAMELS !" not to speak with respect of a coarse assailant, and to reserve all his contumelious missiles for that just severity of language, which nothing but vulgar personalities and direct falsehoods extorted !

As far as *self* is concerned, I must beg pardon of every generous mind for obtruding that which is imposed on me; but I must do it, however reluctantly, rather than submit to the daring insinuation that I ever uttered a word of severity in controversy, except such as aggression and obloquy wrung from me; and this only in the case of *one man*, whose conduct you defend, and whose example, with an under tone, you copy. On the contrary, I have spoken of you, Sir, not only with *courtesy*, but with sincere respect and kindness. Some raillery on *Chess-Men*, *Mice* and *Frogs*—and a smile respecting the *annotations* of Dr. Solomon, of Liverpool, on the Syphilis,—might, I should hope, be pardoned, for no one could answer such arguments gravely. I have shewn something of your “*extraordinary*” *MODE* of *literary controversy*” in return.*

Having thus set before the reader a sample of your courtesy, leaving for the present minor parts,

* The happiness of applying to me the description of a “*FIEND*” is surely an ample retaliation for my little joke about the *annotations* of Dr. Solomon, of Liverpool; who was celebrated for his treatment of a very foul malady, the “*unfavourable subject*” of a very elegant Poem! It may not be *un-appropriate* to add, that this celebrated Doctor had his “*Temple of Fame*,” at Gilead Hall, surmounted by the figure of the Goddess, whose head was *gilt* like a pill, having the Syphilis in one hand, and the *annotations* in the other—the emblem of the “*SUBLIME*” in a certain School of Poetry.

I shall set also before him the following specimens of your *fairness* and *honourable* dealing in argument!

I had quoted an indelicate passage from one of Pope's letters to Lady Mary, but referred to the *wrong letter*. Oh! cries Mr. Roscoe, it is not in the letter referred to! True. "*I acknowledged my error,*" as to not having *quoted the right letter*: but I only mistook one of Pope's letters for another!* I then pointed out the real letter in the same volume, quoted the passage about "*taking off shifts,*" &c., and added, that I was "*JUSTIFIED* in all I said" as to the fact, though I mistook one *letter* for *another*! You stated there was no such passage in the letter referred to, and then quote part of my answer.

"To this Mr. Bowles replies,"

"I am sorry to be guilty of an oversight; but this was inadvertently occasioned by mistaking *one letter* for another. I concede, therefore, that what Mr. Roscoe says is *just* as to there not being a suppression of any gross passage in the letter to which I alluded. If the oversight had been pointed out, I should instantly have acknowledged it, with every expression of regret that I had made the mistake."

So far so good. But here you stop short, art-

* Dallaway's Edition of Lady Mary W. Montagu's Letters, vol. ii. page 135. This is the letter to which I ought to have referred—I referred to the *first* letter of Pope to Lady Mary, in this volume, instead of the *third*.

fully avoiding to say a syllable of my having “ declared that I was *substantially justified* ;” for it *affected Pope* just as much, whether I had mistaken one letter for another, or not!! And you take care not to say a word about the indecorous passage! Here, however, it is *again* to front and to shame you.

“ Let us be like modest people, who, when they are “ close together, *keep ALL decorums*; but if they step a “ little aside, or get to the other side of the room, can “ UNTIE garters, or TAKE OFF SHIFTS, without “ scruple!”*—Dallaway’s edition of Lady M. W. Montague’s letter, vol. ii. page 135.

Like a fox that endeavours to *puzzle the scent*, you speak with artful ambiguity of this same “ *formidable attack* on Pope ;” and leave it to be inferred that, by “ my acknowledgment of error,” Pope stood quite clear of the charge of indelicacy and indecency attributed to him!

Note.—If the reader compares letter 21 in my edition, volume vii. with the 3d letter from Pope to Lady Mary, in Dallaway, beginning with “ I no more think I can have,” he will clearly understand this *honourable* treatment of an *honourable* adversary! In this letter is the passage, which is omitted by Pope and Carl! I would request those who have my edition of Pope, to mark the erratum—for letter 1st, read letter 3d, vol. ii. Dallaway.

* What does the reader think of the *decorous* poet’s “ *serious*” request to the same young married lady, to procure for him “ *a Fair Circassian* ?”—Page 282, vol. ii, Dallaway.

By "*formidable attack*," it seems evident you have not forgotten the charge made by the blind hostility of your oracle, that because I said "Pope might have gone a step beyond decorum, I accused him of an ATTEMPT TO COMMIT a rape!!" This is the manner in which my hostility to Pope is proved by your defender of "*calumniated worth*!"

Your ingenuousness in omitting all mention of the existence of the indecent passage, all mention of my having said that I was "justified,"—putting forward an indefinite charge "*of formidable attack*," when you knew there was no *formidable attack* at all,—is so much in character with him whose duplicity you defend, that I shall leave the comment to the generous feelings of every upright mind!

A Friend of mine, of most eminent literary talents, recommended me to publish only this one instance of your *honourable* dealing in the Newspapers, as a reason for declining any contest with a person capable of such deliberate deception! I have, however, thought it right, as your Letter betrays such a spirit of bitterness, to expose further, for this once, not only your evasion, but, as the reader will see in the sequel, your sacred *regard for truth*, and your amusing *illustrations* of my poetical code!!

But I must not omit another instance of equally happy evasion, in this part of your letter.

You tell me, that I proceed to explain the *causes* that led me to make (what you call) so "FORMIDABLE ATTACK on Pope, and the Lady in question," (adding) that, "however they might JUSTIFY ME in MY OWN ESTIMATION, they have no concern in the QUESTION AT ISSUE, and you shall therefore leave me in possession of all the advantages I can derive from it!"

Now I assert in answer, that you know very well, that these "causes" (the mistaking *one* letter for another) HAD EVERY THING TO DO WITH THE QUESTION,—the question being this, whether, when such *delicacy* appeared in a letter to a young married lady, an inference might not fairly be drawn as to the origin of the quarrel between Pope and Lady Mary, and that she might have been subsequently offended by some trespass against *decorum*, on his part, which he might never have forgiven!*

He never did forgive her, whether this were the cause of the animosity or not!

I must also make some remark on your expressions, that "I *may be justified* in my own *estimation*!" I have not the least fear, after this plain account, of being "JUSTIFIED in the ESTIMATION" of every upright and manly mind; and that the

* Remark! The Lady at all events was cleared from my imputation, and therefore my "*formidable attack*" is against her! Bravo! mon Ami!

condemnation will fall on wilful suppression, and pitiful evasion!

The "*formidable attack*" on the Gentleman—and Lady, forsooth, whom the manly critic steps forth on this occasion to defend—I have just spoken of; but I must note one or two more instances of your ingenuousness, before I quit this part of your letter.

You say, *triumphantly*, there is no such passage in the letter to which I first referred, in Dallaway's, and you add, "the only indelicate passage in the letter pointed out is in MR. BOWLES's "and the former EDITORS'!"

MR. BOWLES therefore stands in FRONT of these offenders!—Who were those FORMER EDITORS? MR. POPE himself, and his FRIEND and executor WARBURTON!!

Would it not have been as well to have said "MR. POPE and all Editors," instead of "MR. BOWLES and the former Editors!"

MR. BOWLES would have been "a clerical prig," indeed, if, having undertaken an edition of Pope, he had presumed to omit what MR. POPE was not ashamed to retain!*

* We will set before the reader this passage, that he may better understand it. It is presumed the passage to which Mr. Roscoe alludes is as follows: Letter in Pope, page 20, Dallaway, letter 1st:

"I must be content to shew my *taste in life*, as I do my "*taste in poetry*, by *having as little drapery* as possi-

But if "Mr." Pope did not suppress the passage which "Mr." Roscoe probably alluded to, as given by "MR. BOWLES and *former* Editors," there is another passage in this same letter which "Mr." Pope *did* suppress, or to which some well-known lines in the Epistle to "Abelard" might be a comment!

'The "celebrated" poet might well say, "*non defensoribus istis!*" What have you gained by this wretched duplicity? You have drawn the *attention to one* letter of Pope, and from this *one letter* I shew *six* things, 1st, That the alterations are *material*, not "*slight*," as you pretend! 2^{dly}, That Pope had a "*MOTIVE*" for these alterations, which you denied! 3^{dly}, You have forced out again the *indelicate passage* which condemns Pope and his

"ble! Not that I think *every body naked* so fine a sight as *yourself*, and a few others, would be, but because it is gone to use people to what they must be *acquainted with*," &c.

This was published by MR. POPE, and *former* Editors, as well as MR. BOWLES; and MR. POPE, also, wrote a *commentary* on it in verse, which is in his famous imitation of Horace!

After describing "a Lady with as little drapery as possible" in a *brothel*, he exclaims—

"Her I transported touch, transported view,
And call her Angel—Goddess—Montagu!"

To set such manly and honourable conduct in the proper light, I am obliged to say more than I wish.

defender! 4thly, I have manifested incontrovertibly Pope's *artful suppression!* 5thly, I have proved that I was perfectly "*justified*" in all that I charged Pope with, though I mistook the letter! And 6thly, I have exposed the equal art and evasion of yourself! "Call you this backing your friends?"

One word more. Whether my "*conjecture*" as to the origin of the Bard's unappeasable animosity to the Lady were right or wrong, I "*conjecture*" that "*future*" Editors of Pope will not pass over this instance of ingenuous conduct in *one* "*former Editor.*"

There is another point, on which I think there need not be "*any conjecture at all,*" and that is, the sooner your edition of Pope, and your letter to me, are forgotten, it will be the better for your NAME as an AUTHOR, and your CHARACTER as a MAN!

After this exposition of your ingenuous and manly arts in controversy, I might be "*justified,*" according to your own courteous language, "in saying much more;" but I suppress the feelings of contempt, to let the plain circumstances speak for themselves.

Perhaps it might be necessary to set you right in one instance. You think, if I do not answer your arguments, I either cannot, or that I assent to your conclusions.

All the observations sent to me, concerning

myself, I have answered, giving you the advantage, without any partial suppression—any *oblique* distortion, of stating fully your own sentiments in your own words ; but I beg to undeceive you, if you suppose for a moment that what I do not answer, I cannot, or that therefore I necessarily assent to your conclusions !

With respect to Pope's obligation to Bolingbroke for the *philosophy* of the Essay on Man, (if such truisms, "*as Man's a fool, yet God is wise,*" may be called *philosophy*,) as you have brought forward what you deem arguments in opposition to such an opinion, it is enough for me that I have Pope's authority on my side, who calls Bolingbroke—

" HIS GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, and FRIEND !"

I need not say a word of the absurdity of attempting to answer such an argument as the following.

Bolingbroke's *Philosophy* was not *published* when Pope wrote his Essay, therefore Pope could learn nothing of him, who had so many years been his *Guide or Philosopher* !

From what *school* you learnt your *philosophy* as well as *taste* in *poetry* I shall not inquire, but wherever and under what master you learnt these, and your manly *arts* in controversy,—after this exposition I shall have no further contest with SUCH a MIND !

Having set these specimens of your "*courtesy*" and *fairness* of reasoning before the reader, I shall here briefly sum up the charges brought against myself.

I have stood as a kind of culprit before you, who, supported by other solemn and sage *Popish* inquisitors, have brought forward from ten octavo volumes—commenting on them with proper acrimony—the following charges; that I, "not having "the fear of God before my eyes," in a certain edition of Pope's Works, did "there" maliciously surmise,

First,—That the cause of a great Poet's rancorous and unappeasable animosity towards a fair Lady, whom he once loved, might be owing,—after using indelicate language in letters,—to his supposing that he might go a step "*farther than decorum*;" that the lady resented this, and the amorous bard never forgave it!

Secondly,—That the said Editor of Pope, designated by the said Wm. Roscoe a most notorious writer of "*sentimental sonnets*," and "a Resident "Clergyman of the Church of "England," did admit the error, in the haste of "*transcription*," of having *mistaken* one of the said Pope's letters for

another, from which Wm. Roscoe leaves the reader to infer, with equal candour and truth, that W. L. Bowles admitted that he falsely accused the said Pope of writing indecently; when the indecency he alluded to was and is to be seen, not in the letter referred to, but in another in the same volume.

Thirdly,—That in speaking of a particular transaction, which I professed most solemnly not to believe, I used the expression of a certain notorious “IF;” which is a plain proof that I did believe what I declared I DID NOT! That, not being sensible of my great wickedness therein, and manifesting no signs of repentance, in defiance of the said inquisitors, and William Roscoe, I have “*pertinaciously*” and audaciously repeated another “IF” in their faces.

Fourthly,—That the late Dr. Warton and myself did not recollect, that when the Epistle on the Character of Ladies was first published by Alexander Pope, esq; the characters of “Atossa,” &c., were not included, which the defendant humbly acknowledges, on the part of himself, and his late master.

Fifthly,—And whereas a wicked bookseller, one Edmund Curll, did *scandalously*, as it hath been alleged, publish, without the consent of the said Pope, sundry letters written by the said Pope, W. L. B. was led to believe that said Pope was *privy* to this publication from various concurring

circumstances, and chiefly because the *authentic* letters, and those published by Curll, exhibited the same corrections, omissions, and alterations, slight or material, differing in many respects, essentially, from the originals; and W. L. B. continues "*pertinaciously*" of the same opinion still, notwithstanding Mr. Roscoe has devised a most ingenious way of accounting for such alterations, namely, "variations in transcribing;" which variations, like the bed of Procrustes, are made to suit the *short* and the *long*, and equally to account for slight verbal alterations, and for whole letters *re-manufactured*, and elaborately *compounded*!!

Furthermore, W. Roscoe not having answered any of the arguments adduced by W. L. B. in support of his belief, W. L. B. doth now "*pertinaciously*" and openly declare, that if he ought to be considered a great fool for admitting the evidence that weighed with him in forming the opinion that Alexander Pope was *privy* to the *clandestine* publication of these letters, he must be a much greater fool to be convinced by W. Roscoe's proofs to the contrary, however decisive they might appear to himself.

Sixthly,—That in printing a certain "*narrative*," first *in part*, and secondly entire, the said irreclaimable culprit exhibited the most manifest duplicity, and hath not "*VENTURED TO DENY*" that he did absolutely, in the words of

Mr. Roscoe, "*substitute one document*" for another; which he did, and does, indignantly deny; —that the document, partly published in the seventh volume of defendant's Pope, is not the document he promised to publish; which W. L. B. upon his oath, if required, averreth it is, and could be no other!

Seventh,—That the said defendant did attempt to "*degrade*" the moral as well as poetical character of the said Pope. As to the moral character, Mr. Roscoe admits he, A. P. published a most profligate piece of obscenity;* and he W. L. B. averreth that he, the said Pope, frequently wrote obscene notes and verses to ladies, particularly some libertine verses, addressed to Teresa Blount, and letters containing various indecencies, unmeet for a young lady's eyes, addressed to herself and her sister, too gross to be printed in this refined age.† The

* Not published in youth, when he might have said "*luisse pudet!*"

† I earnestly desire it to be remembered, that, in speaking of these undeniable circumstances, in my Life of Pope, I abstained from every expression of direct censure, because I thought it ILLIBERAL to CONDEMN any man from UNPUBLISHED writings!! And now the drivelling inquisitors impudently turn round and say, "I am the last man in the world who ought to speak of indecencies of the kind," seeing that I made every charitable apology I could think of in my Life of Pope! There was enough to convict him of the grossest obscenity in his own published works!

said W. L. B. hath also wickedly endeavoured to “*degrade*” the *moral* character of the said Alexander Pope, because when the said Martha Blount, now in her grave nearly one hundred years, domesticated with the same correct and most delicate poet, (without saying that “the connection was “criminal,”) ventured to suppose the connection was not so *pure* as a certain panegyrist of this pure bard would have us imagine.

Eighth,—But not only has this culprit endeavoured to “*degrade*” the *moral* character; he equally endeavoured to “*degrade*” the “*poetical*” character of Pope, by assigning to him a rank in his art *below* Shakespeare, and Milton, and Spenser! The said Editor adheres to this opinion, from the nature of Pope’s general *subjects*, which are chiefly satires and moral pieces, and which the said W. L. B. opines cannot, by any genius, be *placed so high in the rank of poetry* as those poems which are conversant with *human passions*; passions such as have been pourtrayed by one William Shakespeare, to whom Mr. Roscoe deemeth Pope equal!

That the said Editor has endeavoured to “*degrade*” the said Pope, as a poet in classing him below Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser, notwithstanding he, the said W. L. Bowles, has placed him *above* Dryden, and in so doing, above all the poets in Johnson’s Lives, and also above Ovid, Juvenal, and Horace!

Ninth,—That Mr. Roscoe saith the *three* most offensive of all Pope's writings have been published by *two Reverend Editors*,—one of whom is very *respectable*, (notwithstanding Mr. Roscoe's oracle—that model of controversial courtesy, Octavius Gilchrist—called him "*a dead school-master*")!

That the other Reverend Editor, who has published two out of the *three* objectionable pieces, (meaning W. L. B.) is only a writer of "*sentimental sonnets*," and "*a resident Clergyman*" of "*the Church of England*!"

But this defendant for himself declares, that at least he has rejected with disdain ONE of these offensive POEMS! As to having admitted the *three* called "*Three Weeks after Marriage*,"—perhaps it might be allowed that "*second thoughts were best*," and that therefore it ought to have been suppressed; and perhaps my opponent, upon *second thoughts* might admit, considering how *perfidious* the said W. L. B. is, that he, W. R. might have better *let him alone*!

As to the charge of having published the "*Double Mistress*," the said Editor conceives, that when various Gentlemen and Ladies have read, not what *two Reverend Editors*, but a *Right Reverend Editor* and Pope himself admitted into his authentic works, namely,—*January and May—a Certain Imitation of Chaucer—Epistle to*

Abelard—and sundry other poems, which are in every library, they need not affect to be very squeamish if their eyes should happen to glance on a page of the “DOUBLE MISTRESS!”

Lastly,—Whereas the said William Roscoe hath charged the said W. L. Bowles with having “*per-tinaciously*” written *seven* pamphlets; the said defendant is obliged to say, he does not think he has written *one* too many, considering the “*per-tinacity*” and absurdity with which he has had to deal; and he furthermore begs it may be taken into consideration, that in a study, of which, it is presumed, the last Editor knows more than he does of poetical criticism, exactly *seven processes* are necessary to elicit the truth, namely,—1st, Declaration—2^d, Plea—3^d, Replication—4th, Rejoinder—5th, Sur-rejoinder—6th, Rebutter—and 7th, Sur-rebutter. The said Editor assures the public, that if he is forgiven this *last* publication, which may be considered as his *sur-sur-rebutter*, as long as he lives, he shall take leave of Pope, and all that concerns his works!

self I believe, that in the year 1791, I published a small tract, entitled “*The Rights of the Poor*,” which I have since revised and corrected, and now publish it in a new edition, with some additions, and a new preface. I have also published a tract, entitled “*The Rights of the Poor*,” which I have since revised and corrected, and now publish it in a new edition, with some additions, and a new preface. I have also published a tract, entitled “*The Rights of the Poor*,” which I have since revised and corrected, and now publish it in a new edition, with some additions, and a new preface.

Such, Readers of this controversy, are my delinquencies; and a better testimony to the edition of Pope, which goes by my name, I could not wish. I can safely declare that no opinion in that work was ever advanced but upon conscientious and well considered grounds.

But it is time, having been so long *passively* on the defensive, to advance, in *double quick time*, upon the enemy's quarters! It will not be supposed that I shall *ferret* through the volumes, or any of them, of my opponent, with the invidious purpose of detecting errors, sophistries, mistakes, or opinions at variance with my own. Whatever faults there may be, *pace requiescant*. I have only looked at what most concerns myself; and set before the public this *ex pede Herculem*!

But, adhering to the faithful extracts, it appears, that if I could not hit upon the "*invulnerable Principles of Poetry*," Mr. Roscoe *has*; having proved, from *his* critical principles, that Pope stands in the same rank as a poet with our great master of human passions, *Shakespeare*;* that both William Shakespeare and Alexander

* And so Henry the Fifth was like Alexander the Great, being born at Monmouth, and there being a river in Monmouth, and a river in Macedon.—See *Henry Vth*.

Pope are frequently "*quoted*," and that the works of both are "*adapted to purposes*." What these purposes are, it is not for the *profane* to inquire; and I shall resist an involuntary thought as to what "*purposes*" some other works may be "*adapted*!"

But it is not enough, that this equality in poetical rank is ascertained by such an infallible criterion; Mr. Roscoe has ready at hand several more pertinent instances to prove his positions; such as the *Battle of Frogs and Mice*, the *Chess-Men* of Vida, &c. all of which, being "*in the highest rank of poetry*," so as fitly to class with the *ILIAD* of Homer, with *Paradise Lost*, and with certain plays, called *Macbeth* and *Othello*, by William Shakespeare, do prove, beyond a doubt, that Pope ought to rank with Homer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, in his poetical character; which I, not seeing the consequences, have attempted to disprove!!

These critical observations are the very first that occur in the question at issue between Mr. Roscoe and myself, I shall not dive into the critic's Pandora's box, to examine whether there may be "a store" of better *stuff* behind; but I think the proof here adduced will be thought "*quantum suf.*" of Mr. Roscoe's fitness for a work on criticism, particularly to establish the great point, that Pope is equal to Shakespeare!

But,

"*Mutemus clypeos, Danaumque insignia nobis*
"*Attemus;*"

And here turning with a more decided attitude on my opponent, I may take up somewhat coarser weapons. I shall take up none so coarse as those I might take from my principal aggressors ; but if I did, of all men, Mr. Roscoe could not object, seeing that he shews in this letter much of a congenial spirit.

Your insignificant charges, and quibbling evasions, are almost, Sir, beneath notice, as are your silly criticisms ; but the case is different, when an accusation is brought against me, before the public, that I have *promised one document*, and deliberately *substituted* another !

This you say I have "not ventured to deny!" Not ventured to deny? Sir, I DENY IT INDIGNANTLY! I HAVE DENIED it proudly and indignantly!!

Upon a point of so much importance I must take down your exact words : they are these—

"You have, however, called my attention to another subject, to which I SHOULD have THOUGHT you COULD NOT HAVE ALLUDED WITHOUT RELUCTANCE. I mean YOUR suppression of POPE'S NARRATIVE of the *method* by which his letters had been published, which you PROMISED to give in your Appendix ; and YOUR SUBSTITUTION of OTHER DOCUMENTS in ITS PLACE. THIS CHARGE you have not ventured to deny!"

It happens that in my "Final Appeal," page 165, are these words :

"As to substitution, I INDIGNANTLY DISCLAIM
 "a THOUGHT of the KIND!!! This, Sir, you call
 "NOT VENTURING TO DENY!!!"

I allude, indeed, to this charge *with reluctance*,
 not on account of any consciousness of doing what
 I am charged with, but on account, Sir, of the
 only answer I am compelled to give! The above
 quotation contains *two* direct FALSEHOODS: the
 first, that I promised one document, and "*sub-*
stituted ANOTHER!" And the other, that I
 have not "*VENTURED* to deny this ACCUSATION!"

It *IS* FALSE, that I promised to give Pope's
Narrative, for I did not know that he had written
 one *AVOWEDLY*, as I am now told! I dare you
 to the proof, that I ever said I would publish
 POPE'S NARRATIVE!

As Pope spoke of a CLANDESTINE collection
 with a *Narrative*, I naturally supposed that this
 collection of 1795, with a *Narrative*, was that
 collection of which he spoke!

The internal evidence, and the reasons which led
 me to conclude that Pope was *privy* to Curll's
 edition of his letters, induced me to believe that
 he was *privy* to this surreptitious edition, to which
 "the *narrative*" is appended, and it is singular
 that no name of any bookseller appears!

But whether this be so or not, that document
 which I promised to give, I did give *in part* as it

appears in my edition, and subsequently—to do away a base imputation—I published it entire.

Will you venture to say, that because, in alluding to this document, I call it, in the *Life of Pope*,* “the account which Curll gave,” and in the seventh volume, “a statement of the transaction,” that therefore I must mean an entirely different thing! If you did, I hope MY OATH would go as far as your assertion!

You have not even a shadow of proof that I promised one thing, and *substituted* another! Besides, I am sure you would have been more particular in your description, if you thought you could fix on me an attempt so base, and so easily detected!

What must the constitution of that mind be, which, without one shadow of proof, could suspect another of being capable of such insidious fraud!

And, after all, candid reader, remark this reasoning!

I am accused of “promising” to give “Pope’s Narrative of the transaction regarding the publication of the letters,”—of absolutely “substituting *another document*,” instead of the document I promised—and *then* this which I have *published*, is Pope’s *own* narrative!

“Quo teneam, formas mutantem, Protea nodo!”

* It appeared in Curll’s edition. Part is retained by Warburton. The greater portion was suppressed, I have no doubt, because it proved TOO MUCH!

For thus you account for the words in this narrative and in Pope's "authentic preface" being the same; from whence I drew the conclusion that Pope published the *edition*, narrative and all. This is my conclusion now; but in either case, where is the substitution? I have given a plain and succinct account of all these circumstances, to the best of my power; but as to the charge of substitution—it is FALSE!*

I disdained to reply to this charge, when made by a "respected" friend of yours. From him I have not yet learned the language of controversy, or I should call your conduct "hypocritical and designing," as having *knowingly* written what is false. But I do not think so meanly of you. Nevertheless the charge is FALSE, that I ever substituted one document for another; "that I *did* 'not venture' to deny such a charge, is doubly FALSE; for I denied it in my Appeal, and I deny it now,—boldly,—proudly,—indignantly.

When Coke, afterwards lord chief justice, appeared as attorney-general against the persecuted Raleigh on his trial, he told him that he was the most *impudent* man in the whole kingdom! Ra-

* I am deeply concerned to have been compelled to use such language to a Gentleman whom I sincerely wished to respect. I should not have done so, if this had not been the *third* time the base charge had been advanced, *once* by Mr. Roscoe's *oracle*, and *twice* by *himself*. I have, therefore, no alternative but of answering the charge as I have done.

sign replied, "that may be a *measuring* cast between us, Mr. Attorney!" So it shall be a *measuring* cast, whether you or I are the greatest blackheads, "Mr. Attorney!" but I will not suffer you, with impunity to lay to my charge that which I pronounce before the public to be *FALSE*. As a critic, I hold your opinion, and those of a certain school, in no very high estimation, but this charge affects every thing that is estimable and honourable among mankind.

Yet even this charge I attribute not, Sir, to your own native disposition, but to the *quidam* *manners*; the "evil communications which corrupt good manners;" and as I am now advancing on you, after having borne a taunting inquisition so long, I attribute to the same cause your evasions in this dispute; your language, which nothing of mine towards you could justify; and I say, moreover, that, whatever motives actuated you, your not speaking with reprobation of such rank obscenities,* and impudent profligacy, as the Imitation of Horace, to which the Double Mistress in purity itself,—is equally DISHONOURABLE to your NAME,

* I must have been a traitor to truth and moral society, if I had not spoken with decision concerning these and other obvious faults of Pope's character; but I spoke as willingly of his acknowledged virtues, and even remarked on his acknowledged defects, not in a spirit of uncharitable censure, but extenuating them as arising from a life of sickness, and moral causes.

YOUR AGE, YOUR STATION, and your CHARACTER as a MAN and a CHRISTIAN,

You kindly inform me that the discussion has taken a different turn; and that from the question of Pope's character, "MY OWN" has become involved, and that, therefore, I have "something to do to defend myself!!!"

If any thing personally insulting has been brought into view, it has been solely owing to the unprincipled and unparalleled impudence of one man, who, an utter stranger to me, was reduced to such a mode of warfare in a cause which he could not better defend! "But I must be conscious of some cause for all this?" "Some cause" for personal calumnies!! I can say, with Pope, "if a catalogue were to be taken of my FRIENDS and ENEMIES, I need not blush for either;" but if I were such as I have been held out, I were unworthy a place in honourable society.

You quote,—(for *personality* seems to be your object,)—that passage in which I spoke of the insults I had received, as a reason—in one instance

* Leaving the rest to time and truth, I cannot conclude this without wishing that an edition of Pope had fallen into the hands of Mr. Cruik. He would have done full justice to Pope, without "setting down aught in malice" against me.

What is the reason that my old and worthy friend Dallasway never was "hauled over the coals?" He has spoken like a virtuous man, as he is, of Pope's character;

*only**—of severity of language in reply ; and you generously add, “ you have seldom heard any thing more *pathetic*.”

I will tell you what is far more “ *pathetic*”—the situation of him who filled a respectable station in literature, endeavouring by petty chicanery to evade the force of arguments that he cannot plainly answer! This is more “ *pathetic*,” and still more so, when, in his impotence of anger, he is reduced to call on *others* for weapons of coarse defamation, or elegant but *unfounded* satire ; and when, so far from being able to hide his feelings of discomfiture, equally blind and impotent with rage, he is reduced to cry out “ fiend !”

Could I have seen only “ *mis*” in the most profane, obscene, and immoral poem that ever disgraced a libertine in heart, and shut my eyes to its atrocious depravity ; could I see Roscoe’s *BLACKING* or Roscoe’s *WHITING* with the same ineffectual attempt to daub the characters of the irreproachable, and to hide the stains of palpable impurity ; had I manifested a fellow feeling with a celebrated poet in all his littlenesses—then it would have been time for me to look indeed to my own character, to save it from that shade which, I fear, as long as your edition of Pope is remembered, will attach to your’s, both as a critic, and a man.

* With wonderful complacency, Mr. Roscoe classes together as my opponents, Lord Byron, Mr. Campbell, and——Mr. OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST!!

I shall here give you a little time to pause, and proceed to the subject of POETICAL CRITICISM, in another letter; and in the mean time,

I am, with due respect, &c. &c.

W. L. BOWLES.

A Schoolmaster of Sturminster-Newton, in Dorsetshire, published a spelling-book, and fixed on the three most important names he could find, to exemplify words of five syllables, viz. NEBUCHADNEZZAR—PELOPONNESUS—*Sturminster-Newton* !!

A better illustration of Mr. Roscoe's TRIO would be, Swift's celebrated simile, but, I beg it to be understood, I speak only of the WRITINGS IN THIS CONTROVERSY, not of the MAN, respecting the LAST NAME, which Mr. Roscoe has taken so much pains to revive.

"A new-dropp'd ball of horse's dung,

"Mingling with apples in the throng,

"Said to a pippin plump and prim,

"See, brother, how WE APPLES swim!"

What language unlike that of a scholar and gentleman did Mr. Campbell use? Mr. ROSCOE and GILCHRIST, if you please—Demetrius and Tigellus—but not Mr. Campbell, whom I beg to thank for the respect with which he spoke of me in the Review of Medwin's Conversations, in the New Monthly Magazine!

"THAT STRAIN I heard was of an HIGHER mood,
 "But now my OAT proceeds," &c. (Ipsidus.)

TO THE
 ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INVARIABLE PRINCIPLES
 OF POETRY, TAKEN FROM MR. ROSCOE,

The *Quarterly Review*,

London.

SIR,

I addressed to Lord Byron two letters; and I will not be less courteous to you, who adhere so much to the "courtesies of life-rature," and observe them so anxiously yourself!

When Lord Byron said that the "INVARIABLE PRINCIPLES OF POETRY was the most *modest* title that book was ever *baptized* with," it would have been more *modest* in his Lordship to have used such expressions after he had shewn their weakness!

The writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who reviewed Spence's *Anecdotes*, has informed us, that no *provincial* gentleman is properly qualified to

* See "Final Appeal."

write the life, and to be an editor, of the works of Pope! So I would say that it would not be the worse for a critic on poetry, if he made himself acquainted with such obsolete works as Longinus, &c. He would then find, that in attacking those principles, which I have called,—and shall continue to call,—“INVARIABLE,” he attacks far wiser men than either Mr. Roscoe or myself.

As I am informed that your letter may probably be read, where my “Final Appeal” will not reach, I cannot help saying this will not be the worse for your own argumentation; for I “*per-tinaciously*” believe, wherever “my Appeal” and your *Mice* and *Frog* reasonings are read together, it will not be thought that you have the best of the argument. In the mean time let me request your attention, and the attention of all whom this letter may happen “to reach,” to the following observations on your reverting to your old *unfavourable* subjects of poetry, such as Chess-men, and a *Sova*.

My observation is this, and I would put a N.B. to it, if I thought it more likely to draw your attention. When a place for Pope among the highest rank of poets, such as that of Shakespeare, or Milton, is demanded,—notwithstanding his subjects in general are indeed exquisitely treated,—you *raise* the question, which I deny, that such

“*unfavourable*” subjects as you point out can ever be brought into the “*highest rank of poetry!*”

I assert of your “*Mice and Frogs,*” and “*Wooden Warriors,*”—I assert of these “*unfavourable*” subjects, that if elegant poetry is considered, your position is true, but nothing to the purpose.

If you apply these instances to Pope, then your arguments are to the purpose, but not *just*; for though it be readily granted that the Syphilis, (and here I will say nothing about the *Doctor,*) and the Mice, and the Chess-men, are elegant poems; yet as far as they prove Pope to be in the *first order* of poets they are good for nothing, inasmuch as they are not, and cannot from their subjects, be brought by any genius into the highest rank of poetry themselves—which requires *men*,—*men* and not *mice*—“*passions*” and *living men! living men,* and not *wooden ones!*

Do you begin to see the force of this argument? Then answer it without *evasion*, or, I fear, those whom “*my Appeal*” may reach, will not think it proved, that Pope must be classed with the highest poets, because a comparison is drawn from such poems as you here enumerate; for I suppose you yourself will not think the *Mice and Frogs* can by Homer himself be brought into the same poetical rank as the *Iliad!*

But I must call the reader's attention to Cowper, on whose "*Task*," rejecting all aid from the Syphilis, the Wooden Warriors, and the *Frogs* and *Mice*, you now rely.

Among "*unfavourable* subjects" which the genius of the poet could exalt, you appealed to Cowper's "*SOFA*!" My answer was, that if you, "*confining yourself*" to the "*sofa*," could shew that from this subject Cowper could produce any thing like exalted poetry, the point would be conceded! But I added, that Cowper, well knowing how little of poetry could be made out of a settee, or from objects in his parlour, leaves them at once. He is at the sea side in a *twinkling*! He escapes from the "*little parlour*" entirely,—he is devoted to "*rural sights and rural sounds*," with her whose arm for "*twenty years*" "had been locked in his!" He paints the breathing landscape, the river, the meadows, the elms, the ploughman discerned at a distance; he sets before our eyes the *bare common*, and the houseless wanderer, poor Crazy Kate! You expatiate, on these pictures; you gravely prate of affections and sympathies of the heart; and, wrapt in the complacency of answering Bowles, seem to have forgotten that "*every thing in the picture*" "you describe is what Bowles requires, who "*had laid it down, that 'images from nature*" "*'were more adapted to the higher orders of poetry,*

“than *any* from art, that is, from art *abstractedly*;
 “and that passions, including of course sympathies,
 “affections, and feelings of the heart, were more
 “*adapted* to the higher order of poetry, than
 “*manners* of artificial life, from which are derived
 “*satires* !”

You inform me, in one passage of your letter, that some of my opinions are to you “unaccountable !” Your blindness to that which is so obvious, is just as “unaccountable” to me, when I will be bold to say you are the only person ignorant of your palpable discomfiture at every step.*

The *first* book of the Task is called, indeed, the *Sofa* ! but there are not, I repeat, *twenty lines* about a *sofa* in the whole book so called ! It is almost all “rural sights and sounds.”

You yourself quote the following exquisite passage :

“And witness, dear companion of my walks,
 Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
 Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
 Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth
 And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—
 Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.

* If Mr. Rescoe is really ignorant of this discomfiture, what *wormwood* must it be to him to read in many respectable periodical publications, the account “of my “signal victory,” &c. ; and what *wormwood*, that his Frogs and Mice shall not be able to get a single defender ! and that the very Quarterly is as “Mute as a Mouse !”

Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjur'd up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.

How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
The rustling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwell upon the scene.

Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His lab'ring team, that swerv'd not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy!

Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying in its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the list'ning ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote."

Well!—The "Ouse winding through a level
"plain," "with cattle sprinkled over!" "the
"herdsman's solitary hut," "the smoking villages,
are all delectable pictures, and very like a "WHALE!"

For what resemblance is there in this descrip-
tion, in the least, to "a Sofa?" Not so much

* Hamlet.

resemblance as there is between a certain substance called "*chalk*," and another called in rural life—*cheese* !

With great *naïveté*, you ask, why is it we find our feelings interested, and our attention engaged ? and in answering yourself, "*shift your late unfavourable subjects*" to "*common every-day sights* !" "What is so *common* as a lady and gentleman walking out ?" Certainly, but unfortunately for you, the beauties of nature are not "*unfavourable subjects*," nor the feelings and sympathies of affection, nor the delight of such contemplations, in such scenes !

Your reasonings remind me of a circumstance which happened in my younger days : an Oxford barber, named Blenkinsop, professed to have a *rhime* instantly ready for any given word ! I proposed the words "Tom Warton." Without the least hesitation he replied, "A rhime for Tom Warton !"

"Tom Warton of Triakty,
"Doctor of Diviakty."

His rhime was nearly as good as your reasoning, and the reasons not much better than the rhime, for poor Tom was a Batchelor, not Doctor of Divinity ! Your arguments are as much to the purpose, as *Trinity* was a rhime to *Warton* ! and your conclusions as accurate.

"Stick to your *text*," has been sometimes said,

"a resident Clergyman" rambles in his discourse. So, Sir, take your next quotation, if you please, from something relating to the "sofa" itself, and then tell me whether Cowper could make poetry as beautiful on such a subject, as he could of these pictures of NATURE, these tender appeals to *passion*?

I told you that your appeal to Cowper was unfortunate for your critical system, and I am sure you will find it so.

I detained you a little while at *Chess*. I must detain you a little longer to notice some particular parts of Cowper's poetical imagery, and your own happiness of illustration.

To do you full justice, I extract the following passage from your letter ;

"I therefore MAINTAIN that if any poem could, more than another, demonstrate that 'there is no *poetry* in any object, but what is to be ascribed to the 'genius of the poet,' or which could more fully refute the assertion, 'that the *poetry* is in the subject, and 'the *art* and *powers* in the poet,' it is the TASK OF COWPER ; throughout the whole of which, as if for the purpose of proving on what a slight and unimportant foundation so beautiful a superstructure could be raised, the poet has, on circumstances of the most common occurrence, engrafted those numerous passages which give variety and interest to his poem. Such are his representations of *Crazy Kate*, of the *Gypsies*, the *Clerical Coxcomb*, the *Tame Hare*, the *growing of Cucumbers*, reading the *Newspaper*, the *Woodman and Day*."

Now, Sir, first, there is a little bit of wilful or ignorant misstatement peeping out from this verbiage, which you perhaps thought I should not detect!

I never said that "the poetry was in the subject," independent of the powers of Poet! I said, and say, that some objects are more ADAPTED to the HIGHEST character of POETRY, than others! PASSIONS more than manners of artificial life. This is my *main proposition*.

Secondly; You say, "that throughout the book "called the "Sofa," as if for the purpose of proving on what a slight foundation so *beautiful a structure could be raised*, the poet has "engrafted" on circumstances of the *most common occurrence* these numerous passages!" "Engrafted!" You might as well say your head was "engrafted" on an old shoe!! or Salisbury Plain on a wig-block!!

These affecting and beautiful pictures, "from the most common circumstances of life," that is, from living Nature, have no more to do with the Sofa than they have to do with "the man in the moon."

I am sorry to be so "pertinacious;" but I shall not leave your list of poetical objects from Cowper, till I have still farther exemplified, from this *very list*, your *tact* in poetical criticism!

"Such," you gravely add, (poetical objects,)

"are his representations of Crazy Kate, the
 "Gipsies, the *Clerical Coxcomb*, the Tame Hare,
 "the GROWING OF CUCUMBERS, Reading the
 "Newspaper, and the Woodman and Dog."

All that can be said of the beauties of Crazy Kate, the Gypsies, the Tame Hare, the Woodman and Dog, who does not re-echo of the *Clerical Coxcomb*, I shall say nothing, as, perhaps, he is introduced as a sly *set-off* to the Doctor of Liverpool! But, do you really think the "*growing of Cucumbers*" has any affinity, or can be made to have the most distant affinity, with poetry such as the other subjects furnish? I had almost said any poetry at all!

We have seen how affecting Cowper is, when the subject is from NATURE and the PASSIONS. Let us look at him then before his Cucumber Bed, leaning over the "stercoraceous heap," while thus he blithely sings,

To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd—
 So grateful to the palate, and when rare
 So coveted, else base, and disesteem'd—
 Food for the vulgar merely—is an art
 That toiling ages have but just matur'd,
 And at this moment unassay'd by song,
 Yet gnats have had, and FROGS and MICE, long since,
 THEIR EULOGY;* those sang the Mantuan Bard,
 And these the Grecian, in ennobling strains;

* How little did Cowper imagine on what occasion
 "their eulogy" would be MOST LOUDLY PROCLAIMED!

And in thy numbers, Phillips, shines for aye
 The solitary Shilling. Pardon, then,
 Ye sage dispensers of poetic fame,
 Th' ambition of one, meaner far, whose pow'rs,
 Presuming an attempt not less sublime,
 Pants for the praise of dressing to the taste
 Of critic appetite, no solid fare,
 A CUCUMBER, while costly yet and scarce.
 The Stable yields a STERCORACEOUS HEAP, &c.

Now, Sir, do you think this *prose*, for I will not call it poetry, this "stercoraceous heap," as good poetry as the affecting pictures we both dwell upon with delight? Come, come, no evasion! Which is most truly poetical, in your sense of the word, this *stuff*, or the exquisite touches of tenderness, and the varied descriptions of natural scenery? You will not, you cannot, you dare not say the "*Cucumber*," in poetical beauty, is equal to the sweet and affecting passages you have quoted. Why is this? The *Cucumber* is raised by the *same hand*, and of course must be the product of the same talents, as those which described the other living scenes? Then why this lamentable contrast? For this plain reason: Because the subject of the one was more "ADAPTED" to "POETRY" than the other! As you have quoted Horace, I may in turn appeal to him, who is some little authority on my side, even against William Roscoe, Member of the Della Crusca Society of Florence!

Horace says—

Et quæ

Desperat tractata nitescere POSSE RELINQUIT!

So some subjects in poetry no genius can exalt ;
and I sincerely wish that He who so exquisitely
pourtrayed poor Kate, the Woodman and Dog,
&c., had "*relinquished*" the disgusting "sterco-
"raceous heap," as one of those subjects, of which
he might say

Desperat tractata nitescere—POSSE!!

You admit that such subjects (as *sofa*, *cucumber*,
&c.) are *not* SUBLIME or PATHETIC!" and so far
you have a "glimpse!" Nor do I know that they
"are ludicrous;" but I know it is the "sublime
"and pathetic" that give Homer his rank in
poetry! not his "FROGS!!" nor, if he had lived
in the days of "SOVAS," could a *Sofa*!!

Why will you *try* thus to *deceive* yourself? Do
you really imagine any thing is gained by these
palpable misstatements, and wretched sophistries?

But I cannot yet leave this "*prickly gourd*,"
for prickly I fear it will prove to you. As Cowper
has raised it, I may as well cut and *dress* it for
you, and then to eat it "*with what appetite*"
you may! I cannot suffer you yet to get up from
your delectable fare, which *you* have *presented*
to me and which I *here* return.

But let me first ask one question,

Pray, to leave the metaphor, do you think the passage on the "green-coated" gourd, and "ster-
"coraceous heap," as *poetical* as the Woodman and Dog? I have asked the question before; but I ask it now for the sake of a little Oxford logic.

Which of the two pictures, the Woodman and Dog, or the *stercoraceous heap*, is *most* poetical?

If you say, the "stercoraceous" heap, I fear the boys of the nearest school will call you SOLOMON! If you say, "the Prickly Gourd" is as good *in its kind* as the Woodman and Dog, then I answer, *that kind* is not so *poetical*, or capable of producing poetry as beautiful, as the other.

If you say the Woodman and Dog is *more* poetical, I tell you again, it is because the "*subject*" is more *adapted* to poetry! And so I wish you a good digestion of your own selected "prickly gourd!" which I fear you will find as hard to swallow, as Pistol found his *leek*! (*Henry Vth.*)

I shall not here speak of unconsequential reasonings; but rather wonder, what must be the *conformation of cranium* in a critic who gravely quotes poetry drawn from the passions, the affections, sympathies, and feelings of the heart, and brings it in favour of such poetical subjects as *Chess-men** and *Sofas*!!

In such contradictions do they involve themselves,

* Mr. Roscoe is not content with the Chess-Men being an elegant poem, "but it has been always considered" in

who oppose the plainest dictates, not of criticism, but of common sense, rather than the "pertinacious Bowles" should triumph! though triumph he will, and does!

"Common occurrences!" Why the Sun is an object more common than a *Cucumber*, for we see the Sun every day, but the "stercoraceous heap" yields a *Cucumber* only once in a year!

You bring me to painting again. I thought the observation on Rubens's Taking down from the Cross, as superior to any *landscape*, would have been a sufficient answer to your illustrations from painting! (*See Appeal.*) But you "pertinaciously," and equally regardless of my former answer, add, and "thus the excellence of a picture is not determined by the nature of the subject!" Who said it was? Not I; nor did I ever say that the excellence of a poem was determined by the nature of the subject.

Why this eternal evasion? I affirm that *PARADISE LOST*, executed as it is, must rank higher, as a poem, than any poem in Pope; because the subject being more suited to the highest character of poetry, and the execution equal to the subject, it must, if there is any truth—I will not say in my principles, but—in those of Aristotle,

"the highest rank of Poetry!" As high as the *Iliad*, of course! Can ABSURDITY go farther!

Longinus, Horace, &c., be superior, as poetry, to any subjects which are *less adapted* to the higher character of poetry, the *execution* of both subjects being equal.

But to "painting."

I have said, that the Taking down from the Cross at Antwerp, *executed* as it is by Rubens, is far more consonant to the noblest ideas of painting, than any *landscape*. Will you attend to this distinction? Can you really be so *obtuse*, after such repeated expositions, as not to be able to perceive the difference between the statement that *one* subject may be more *adapted* to the higher order of poetry than another, and the statement you so *pertinaciously* attribute to me, that "the subject alone decides the excellence of a poem and a painting!"

Notwithstanding your ineffectual appeal to Rubens, you still "*pertinaciously*" adhere to your illustrations from this enchanting art!

"Destroy his flimsy sophistry in vain!"

Come then, Sir, I will treat *you* with a *picture* in return. You have doubtless seen Hogarth's inimitable composition, in the "ludicrous" style, of an *Alderman*, his *Wife*, and *Young Cockneys*,—"long in populous cities pent"—walking into the country to enjoy the fresh air, and the "rural nature," of that sub-urban retreat, called SADDLER'S WELLS!

The aforesaid Alderman is puffing in a hot summer's day, with one child in his arms, his head adorned with his *best wig*! A milk-maid and cow being in the *back ground*, the ingenious artist has so contrived the objects, that the *cow's horns* (with an obvious allusion !) are seen as it were in *contact*, and immediately over the wig!

Now, if referring to this picture, instead of a painting by *Rubens*, you had said—The *horns* of the *cow* were “ENGRAFTED” on an *Alderman's wig*, I should have understood you; for they certainly may be said, with more propriety, to be so “ENGRAFTED,” than a *ploughman* at work can be said to be “ENGRAFTED” on a *sofa*.

But, verily, “I have got a *glimpse of light*” from your *tenebrosity*, because I admit the “ludi-
“crous” to be a part of poetry! Yes, of poetry, to be sure; but not of poetry of the highest character. Is it possible that “*obfuscation*” itself cannot see the difference?

I think I have now said almost enough to make me hope you are beginning to have a “*glimpse*” yourself!

You are set in the stocks, without a foot to stir, in the very stocks formed from your own “*wooden illustrations*,” yourself smiling all the while, as if delighted with your situation!

You raise a *mist of verbiage*, and quibbles, and in this respect you appear to me to resemble some

of those famous conjurers of old, who, when they were vanquished raised a mist round them; but the mist does not hide the "ludicrous" figure in which you appear, with a *Frog* and *Mouse*, rampant, for supporters, and a *Cucumber* for a crest!

There I leave you, to read a little from your selected illustration, Goldsmith's "Deserted Village!" In this poem as we sit and talk together—quoniam convenimus—which image do you opine to be most poetical?

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.

Or this,

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health, &c.

But my object in drawing your attention to Goldsmith, in the present instance, is not the "game of Goose," which might rival the Chessmen; but a line I would have you remember, when you appeal to this poem again,

"For ev'n, tho' VANQUISHED, he could ARGUE still."
Deserted Village.

My arguments you call "fantastic reasonings;"—if you think so, so much the happier for yourself, "Oh te, Bollane!" (*Horace.*)

Talk of "Crazy Kate!" What can be that intellect which can persuade an elderly gentleman

that a "*SOPH*" is a subject adapted to poetry, and that "*a crazy woman*" in a *common* proves it!

You complain of my writing *seven* pamphlets. Notwithstanding I turn, without much trouble, your own arguments against you, I fear if I were to write *seventeen* Pamphlets, instead of *seven*, I could not *beat* into your head the difference between that which *makes poetry*, and that which is "*best adapted to*," or, in other words, which furnishes the most immortal materials for, *poetry*.

Aye, but one man can paint from native genius better than another! Cowper, for instance, than you or I! Therefore the subject does not signify! but I say the subject *does* signify, for, though it be true, and rather a *truism*, that there is an immense difference between the poetical powers of one man and those of another in using the materials furnished, it is equally a truism, against which you contend with all your might blindfold, brandishing your weapons on this or that side, as it may happen, — "*not meaning*," but "*blundering round about a meaning*," — that Homer could not place in the highest rank of poems *Mice*; nor Vida, *Chess-men*; nor Fracastorius, a disease that shall be nameless; nor Cowper, a *Cucumber*; nor Pope, *satires and moral essays*; and I affirm that this is *no detraction* of Pope's genius as a poet, for Homer could not do it, nor Shakespeare, nor Milton!

I ought to beg pardon of every sensible reader, but I am obliged to do the best I can, to make

Mr. Roscoe, if possible, more a *master* of the subject.

Some fine morning, Sir, when you are taking a walk on the banks of the Mersey, and perhaps brushing the early dews towards Gilead Hall, the truth will rush upon you like light, and then you will be like the old *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who talked PROSE all his life, without knowing it.

In like manner, even Doctor Solomon blunders on the side of truth without knowing *why*, but as one of the most eminent poets of the present day observed to me, "it will come right at last."

In the mean while, why do you not meet the question with an *honest* front?

When you talk of "fantastic reasoning," with an obliquity that becomes you and your cause, you take care to leave out of sight the most pinching part of the "fantastic reasonings," from the force of which you can no more escape, than you can jump over the Mersey.

But adieu! Furniture and Paintings—we must appeal to the *classics*, eruditissime domine!

How *unpoetical* you tell us is "*snow thawing*;" yet how beautifully has Horace painted, *diffugere nives*!

Has he so! If you had said "a boiling pot" was an *unpoetical* image, I should have granted it; and as for the "*thawing snows*," what is there after all in Horace of "*thawing*?" Construe the line! *Nives*—the "*snows*"—very well! DIFFU-

GERE, are "*beginning to thaw*," I suppose ! We used to construe it differently at school ; and before you again appeal to Horace, have the goodness to look in those books, not very poetical, but very necessary for some who may have lost what they learnt at school—a *grammar* and *dictionary*,—and then we will talk farther about Horace, who fails you again, as much as Cowper, and I would advise you in the mean time to tell us, what you think of these lines—

Neque si quis scribat, uti nos
Sermeni propiora, putes HUNC ESSE poetam.
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divini, atque os
MAGNA SONATURUM—

Which being paraphrased is, "call not him a poet, who writes Satires and Epistles, like me ; but give the honour of this high name to him who not only has genius, and a more *divine* mind, but whose eloquence is directed to what is GREAT and LORTY !" Not *cucumbers*, nor *sausages* !

There is also another passage in Horace, on which you might ponder—

"Nec quisquam NOCEAT CUPIDO MIHI PACIS at ille,
Qui me commorit melius non tangere clamo,
Flebit, et insignis TOTA cantabitur URBE."

Which I thus paraphrase :

Assail not, as you love your souls,
The "pertinacious" Parson Bowles,
For though the cockney critics flout him,
When he is rous'd, he lays about him,

Knocks Roscoe down, and in a trice
 Scatters his *Wooden Men* and *Mice*,
 "Hitches" the Doctor in a DITTY,
 And sings his FAME through all the city !

But we must beware of jokes ! it seems
 you do not relish jokes, particularly jocose criticisms on "WOODEN MEN," &c.

"Who shall decide, when *Doctors* disagree ?"

Pope.

But I hardly expected this severity from one, who contends that the "*ludicrous*" might be brought into the highest rank of poetry ! Aye, but the *jokes* of a Clergyman ! and a "resident Clergyman !" What have such persons to do with jokes, so little in unison with their profession ?

Truly, St. Paul mentions among other things as highly unbecoming, "*foolish talking*," and "*jesting*,"* which are "*not convenient*;" but I really hope my *jests* are "*convenient*," for it is impossible for Clerk or Layman to treat some things in any other way.

For my mere good-humoured *quizzing*, speaking at the same time with the sincerest kindness and respect, I am treated—Oh ! ye gods and goddesses—as a "*fiend* !"

I do most sincerely assure you, Sir, that when I wrote the "Appeal," I felt great reluctance to say *one word* that I thought would give you pain.

* Let Mr. Roscoe turn to Pope for specimens of "*filthiness*," and "*jesting*," which are not convenient.

I would, even now, most willingly avoid it ; but, when you have with such real rudeness, and in a spirit so bitter, in *your* own “ mode ” of controversy, provoked this unequal strife, while I say, with Churchill,

I almost blush to know
My spirits could descend to such a foe;

I believe your best friends—whatever “ book-sellers and blockheads ” may have done—will think your peace and your fame would have been better consulted, had you suffered my jokes to be passed over and forgotten.

I have had my *jokes* on your poetical criticisms,—but your letter, from the beginning to the end, is an effort to wound *personal* feelings! Is this “ courtesy ? ” Is it manliness ?

On this account *you*, like others, have shewn a particular gratification in quoting Lord Byron's memorable lines against Bowles !

If POPE, whose fame and genius from the first
Have foil'd the best of critics, need the worst ;
Let BOWLES essay : each fault, each failing scan,
The first of *poets* was, alas ! but *man*.
Rake from each ancient dunghill every pearl,
Consult *Lord Fanny*, and confide in *Curll* ;
Let all the scandals of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page ;
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal ;
Write as if St. John's self could still inspire,
And do from HATE, what *Mallet* did for hire !

Byron.

Whilst dulness sits complacent over a caricature, which it was not able to draw itself,—I shall just take leave to *parody* some of the lines, and throw them back to you. I am sorry that you have shewn your "*vexation*," by thinking it necessary to introduce these lines which all my opponents have *by heart*! Others have not forgiven a parody I made, though they threw the first stone! I think I can make this same satire sharp enough to suit *other critics* besides Bowles, and you can have *no reason to complain*! Let us try—but remember Byron and Roscoe are *odds* against Bowles!

If POPE, who, from the first,
 Needed the best of critics, found the *worst*!
 ROSCOE, essay! an injudicious friend,
 Alike his VIRTUES and his FAULTS commend;
 Hate and revile all those who cannot see
 Wisdom and worth in his *defects* LIKE THEE!
 Gloss o'er his VENGEFUL hate, his FOUL DELIGHT
 In RIBALDRY, his CUNNING, and his SPITE!
 Bring forth thy "FROGS and MICE," and "WOODEN
 MEN,"

Fit instances and types, to prove his pen
 Can RIVAL SHAKESPEARE: Seize the critic throne,
 'A SOLOMON,' a second 'SOLOMON';
 And kick thy feeble foot at Parson Bowles,
 Who, like "a FIEND," his goggling eyeballs rolls.

Bowles.

"There is a *picture*, a touch of the 'sublime,'
 "and 'beautiful,' and 'picturesque,' and '*ludi-*
 " '*crous*' in poetry!" "Egad, Sir," as my old
 master would say, "Worthy the pencil of Paul
 Brill."

Write as if St. John's self could still inspire,
And do from HATE, what *Mallet* did for hire!

Byron.

Spread o'er thy work a noisome compost vile
Of *slaving froth*, of DRIVEL and of BILE!"

Bowles.

There is a *pastoral* for you.

But we must not forget the peculiarly happy
lines applied to Bowles as a critic:

Or hadst thou liv'd in that congenial time,
To rave with Dennis, or with Ralph to rhyme,
Stray'd with the rest around his living head,
Nor rais'd thy hoof against the lion dead;
A meet reward *had* CROWN'D thy glorious gains,
And link'd thee to the DUNCIAD for thy pains!

Byron.

Well then—listen again—Thou egregious “mem-
ber of the Della Crusca Society of Florence!”

“BYRON *te hoc vulnere*, BYRON
Immolat.”—*Virgil*.

Oh! had Apollo, who, so justly graced,
With ASS'S EARS CROWN'D MIDAS for his *taste*!
Heard thee, in critic lore so skill'd and deep,
Descant on COWPER'S “*stercoraceous heap*!”
With kindred *clods* he would have crown'd thy brains,
And LINK'D THEE TO A DUNGHILL for thy pains!”

Bowles.

Thus urged, I could easily repay you for this
“*your mode*” of controversy; but I think I have

said enough to prevent your quoting Byron again, and I spare you, from respect to your GREY HAIRS, and your FORMER FAME !*

I can conceive your situation—it is a “*pathetic*” one ! I can feel for your mortification, and pity you.—Whatever fame you may have justly earned, by your Life of Lorenzo, is irretrievably thrown away, by your attempt at criticism ; and more by the shifts, equivocations, and obliquities, to which you have been reduced to have recourse.

You have already found, I believe, the situation of an Editor of Pope, not to be that of a *bed of roses* ; but having in consequence of your illiberal but impotent attack, been thus obliged, in self-defence, to expose you, I shall hereafter leave you to the rankling sense of that discomfiture, and “vexation” you have brought needlessly on yourself.

I would most willingly here have dropt the pen, though much more remains behind ; but a few words must be said on the picture of the “FIEND” the application of which you think so *happy*.

The thought of the application seems to have given you peculiar gratification, as you have dwelt upon it through so many pages, evidently, *con*

* Now, Sir, it will be magnanimous, and according to “*your mode*” of controversy, to print this satiric *retaliation*, and leave out every word about the provocation ?

amore, and I should be sorry to throw *cold water* on any feelings of exultation, on account of this final triumphant sally of your wit, but would humbly suggest, whether the application might not *just as well, at least, suit him*, who *wilfully suppresses* every word concerning the *provocation* that occasioned it; *him* who, with a kind of frenzied disappointment that his arguments have been so *overthrown*, or his *sophistries derided*, tears the turf from the grave of his friend, to throw at his opponent, with equal anger and impotence; I would ask whether *such* a picture does not suit *such a mind*, somewhat better than it suits him who, having been assailed by the hardest falsehoods and grossest personal insults, turned at last sternly on his assailant; who in no other instance ever uttered a word of bitterness to one living being—which declaration he defies you to disprove;—who never attempted to “*degrade*” Pope, unless it were “*degradation*” not to exalt him to that preposterous and gigantic height, to which the feelings of indefinite and blind idolatry among some exalted him;—who never “*degraded*,” or sought to “*degrade*,” his poetry, unless it were degradation to place him before all other English Poets, and only below Shakespeare and Milton, in the highest scale of poetry;—who never sought to calumniate his *Life*, unless that be calumny which represents him, as he has taken care to represent

himself; conceding his talents and virtues, but marking those predominant traits which cannot be hid, traits which no biographer, when they are so plainly written, ought from sacred duty to truth to overlook; and which all his idolatrous worshippers cannot put out—the obvious traits—amidst his talents, and tenderest domestic virtues—of VINDICTIVENESS, DUPLICITY, and OBSCURITY!

Upon these grounds I have stood, and I stand. Your ingenious application of the “FIEND” will neither hurt my character *public* or *private*; and with respect to such a disposition as the picture implies, I can affirm that even in controversy I never used a word of asperity, but with reluctance; that when the most insulting provocation wrung from me harsh retaliation, one civil word would at any time have disarmed me; and I can assure you, Sir, most solemnly, that though much remains behind, I suspend the lash which I think *you deserve*, and which I believe would have lacerated you to the bone! Nevertheless, as you have so ostentatiously brought forward those satirical lines of mine, the provocation for which you have kept entirely out of sight, it is a pity that, after the pains you have taken, you should go without some *share* in them yourself, and therefore, for so many lines as you have given me descriptive of a “FIEND,” I present you only two in return:

The lines are these—if I recollect rightly,

Whose HEART contends with his Saturnian HEAD,
A ROOT of HEMLOCK, and a LUMP of LEAD.

Only asking your acceptance of "*the root of hem-*
"*lock*" in return for the "*FIEND!*" and "*the lump*
of lead," for your "*CHESS-MEN,—and CUCUMBER,*"

I am, "with due respect,"

Your obedient Servant,

W. L. BOWLES.

POSTSCRIPT.

YOU refer to *two lines* of mine, and your reference is printed in *capitals*, with the amiable intent of fixing on me a *falsehood*; because, speaking generally, I said that my satire applied to your friend, and *not* to Pope, and it is discovered that *two lines* are applied to Pope!

There is a ballad, by Poor Hudsford, in which are these lines on Johnny Wilkes:

He made a fool
Of Alderman Bull,
And called Parson Horne a liar!

So I might parody these, as I have done Byron's lines, and say of Roscoe,

He lifted his head
"Engrafted" in lead,
And call'd Parson Bowles a liar!

To spare you any future pain, I inform you, to the best of my recollection, that "*dark reviler*" is the "*dark reviler*" incog. being the anonymous calumniator in the London Magazine, Gilchrist: there are about ten lines, I believe, applied to him in this character, and *two* to Pope: but the general application is to him who first anonymously reviled me in a periodical publication, for which the Editor apologized; and to the same person, who

afterwards published a tirade, *nominatim*, which was a disgrace to literature.

I am afraid it will be thought I have given you something worse than "*brass*" for "*gold*," when I have given you only part of *two lines* for so many bestowed on me. Consider, Sir, I have never published an anonymous article in my life; have never "*calumniated*" any one, unless you should say I have calumniated Pope, which I deny. Consider farther, I beseech you, that I am "*a resident Clergyman*," and, as such, have a character well known. I will not descend to appeal to those who have known me long, rich and poor, against heartless aspersions; but I have shewn, at least, when you direct envenomed shafts from another quiver,—when you point against my own breast the weapon taken up in self-defence to oppose dark revilers, and infuriated calumniators, and endeavour to fix on me the name and character of *reviler, columniator, and fiend*,—("Am I that "name, Iago?")—the present I make you in return is very small.

Knowing your obligations to others for weapons against me, I had nearly forgotten your twenty or thirty lines from the *Dunciad*! What shall I do?

Here are—Byron—Roscoe—Bowles *versus* Bowles—Pope himself, against me!!—and the ghost of Gilchrist!!

Apparent diræ facies,

And worse than all, I am described as having gained a "*glimpse*" from your tenebrious illumination of the "sublime," and "pathetic," and "*ludicrous*," in poetry!

As I have given you so little in return for the presents you have heaped upon me, what if I here only beg your acceptance of four *impromptu* lines for your long quotation from the *Dunciad*!

No other critic has ever pointed out the remarkable circumstance in Pope's *Essay* on the Characters of Men, that he has, very consistently with his subject, introduced two female portraits—Narcissa, and the "Old Crone."

Suppose, then, I beg you to accept only four lines, taking a hint from Pope's Epistle on the Characters of Men!

*On POPE's introducing an Old Woman among the
Characters of Men.*

Pope placed an old woman 'mid portraits of men—
Hear this, ye bold critics, and tremble;
Because he foresaw that ONE CRITIC would rise,
Who should most an OLD WOMAN resemble.

Comment trouvez vous cela, mon ami?

I have thus driven back the supernumerary forces you have brought up against me in aid of less effective allies, the "*Mice and Frogs*!" But "you have now laid the axe to the trunk of my "INVARIABLE PRINCIPLES, and need not trouble "yourself about the branches!"

Do you really think so? If your *axe* were like the “*bipennis*,” described by Horace—your favourite classic, to whom you have before so successfully appealed—I should say, so far from your *axe* having been “laid to the trunk” of my poetical code, the TRUTH of that code,

Ab ipso
Sumit opes animumque ferro.

The truth of my INVARIABLE PRINCIPLES derives greater strength from your own clumsy attacks against them!

But your *axe*, I believe, less resembles the classical instrument, described by Horace—laid to the trunk of the oak—than that of a certain Neil Cahagan, described by that poet who excelled so much in the “*ludicrous*,” Dean Swift. “On ‘cutting down an Old Thorn on *Market Hill*’ he thus singeth,

But thou, the man ordain’d by fate,
Neal Cahagan, Hibernian clown,
With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
To hack, &c.

Your *hatchet* resembles the hatchet of this honest Irishman, but the “*trunk*” of my principles has a happier fate than that of the Old Thorn on Market Hill, for I believe, having defied some hard storms, they will still rear their head, careless alike of the *Mice* that gnaw, or *blunt* instrument which recoils against yourself in your own hands!

I have only here presented you with a *little twig* from these same branches, to make you *remember* a *lesson*, which, if you had paid the least attention to my *seven pamphlets*, you ought to have learnt before, besides, peradventure, improving a little your *manners* in controversy !

The writer of "*sentimental sonnets*" is satisfied that he is now pretty even with the author of Lorenzo de Medicis ; therefore, in taking leave, he trusts you will forgive him, if he addresses you, at parting, with a quotation from that poet, whom Pope only equals, and who excels as much in the "*ludicrous*," as the *SUBLIME* of poetry—with a trifling alteration in *one word*—"Give me thy hand, *Doctor* : I am sorry I have beat thee, but "while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head." *Tempest.*

It has been coarsely and falsely said, that I adulated Lord Byron, because he was a *LORD* !! I treated him with civility, because he was a *Gentleman*, and because he spoke with civility, in his letter to Mr. Murray, of me *personally* ! So far from flattering him, if I had written to him a word of

flattery, as many did, I could have received his *praise*, I believe, as readily as his vituperation. I thought it unmanly to write a syllable; but as I did not at any time fear him living, and scorned to flatter him; now his faults are in the grave, and I can have no hope of any courtesy, I conclude with the following tribute to his memory, which is not unappropriately, I hope, offered to the public in this place.

CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST PILGRIMAGE.

Written after having read an Account of his Funeral.

SO ENDS CHILDE HAROLD HIS LAST PILGRIMAGE!
 Above the Malian surge he stood, and cried,
 "LIBERTY!" and the shores from age to age
 Renown'd, and Sparta's woods and rocks, replied,
 "Liberty!" but a Spectre, at his side,
 Stood, mocking—and its dart uplifting high
 Smote him—he sunk to earth in life's fair pride;
 While Sparta's rocks echoed a fainter cry,
 And old Ilissus sigh'd—"die, generous Exile, die!"

I will not ask sad Pity to deplore
 His wayward errors, who thus early died:
 Still less, CHILDE HAROLD—now, thou art no more,
 Will I speak aught of genius misapplied,
 Or the past shadows of thy spleen or pride;
 But I will bid th' Arcadian cypress wave,
 And pluck the laurel from Penous' side,
 And pray thy Spirit may such quiet have,
 That not one thought unkind be murmur'd o'er thy grave.

SO ENDS CHILDE HAROLD HIS LAST PILGRIMAGE!
 Ends in that region—in that land renown'd,
 Whose mighty genius lives in Glory's page,
 Upon the Muses' consecrated ground,
 His pale cheek fading, where his brows were bound
 With their unfading wreath! I will not call
 The Nymphs* from Pindus' piny shades profound,
 But strew some flowers upon thy sable pall,
 And follow to the grave a Briton's funeral.

Slow move the plumed hearse—the mourning train—
 I mark the long procession with a sigh,
 Silently passing to that village fane,
 Where, Harold, thy forefathers mouldering lie;
 Where sleeps that MOTHER, who with tearful eye,
 Pondering the fortunes of thine onward road,
 Hung o'er the slumbers of thy infancy;
 Who here, releas'd from every human load,
 Receives her long-lost child to the same calm abode.

Bursting Death's silence—could THAT MOTHER speak—
 When first the earth was heap'd upon thy head,
 In thrilling, but with hollow accent weak,
 She thus might give the welcome of the Dead—
 "Rest! rest! the Passions which the heart misled,
 "Here, all are hush'd: the murmur of Life's Sea,
 "Here, is not heard: Come, to my wormy bed!
 "When both shall wake—FATHER, REMEMBER ME!
 "And, Oh! my SON, my SON—HAVE MERCY UPON
 THERE!"

* Who does not involuntarily repeat the beautiful and affecting lines from the first Idyll of Theocritus, on the death of Daphnia, when he thinks of the death of Lord Byron in Greece:

Πᾶν πόν' ἄρ' ἦσθ' ὅκα Δαφνίσι ἰτάκιστο, πᾶν πόνε, Νύμφαι.

What is SAUCE for the GOOSE, is SAUCE for the GANDER!

BEING AN ANSWER

TO AN

Article in the Quarterly Review,

AS FAR AS IT CONCERNS

MR. BOWLES'S EDITION OF POPE,

AND HIS

VIEW OF THAT POET'S CHARACTER.

AN ANSWER, &c.

HAVING in my "Final Appeal" bid *valets* to all my opponents,—critics, bards, and "blockheads,"—I should not have continued this apparently interminable strife farther, but my old friend the Quarterly has *turned out* again, with something like renewed *spite*, if not with renewed vigour, like Antæus from the ground: I have, therefore, determined, whilst *my hand* is in, and whilst the "unfortunate" Mr. Roscoe is on the ground, surrounded with sympathising *mice* and sighing *frogs*, to turn for the last time to his *bottle-holder*!

Whether Mr. Roscoe will lie quiet, I know not, and care as little. He may try to *bite* at the heels; but, after the exposure of his wretched evasions, he is beneath my further notice.

My new antagonist, armed with a *quarter-staff*, is by no means to be disregarded, though I am a little out of *breath*, and, what is *worse*, a little out of *pocket*; for if I had *three* hundred pounds for my edition of Pope, I have spent nearly as much in defending myself, getting all the *abuse* for nothing!—But,

"— belli signum Laurenti Turnus ab arce
"Extulit."

Before we *set to*, however, and whilst a ring is forming, if a ring I may chance to get; before we enter on that which most concerns "Mr. Bowles in particular," the part relating to poetical criticism, and the rank of Pope in his art, will very shortly be dispatched.

And so we come precisely to the same conclusion, at last!

My "invariable principles" have weathered every storm, and have arrived safely in port! They ought to have THREE CHEERS; for, I believe, it has been owing to them that the question relating to Pope's supremacy in his art has taken a tangible and definite shape.

Pope's rank is now acknowledged; and the critic has "degraded" him, as much as I did, in assigning him exactly the same station!! He stands the FIRST in the second class. This is all I ever contended for. The critic has admitted the conclusion; and though he, with avidity of scrutiny and censure, omits nothing he can *rake up* against me, "to put into his own sieve;" this sieve is as convenient for him as "*my sieve*" or "*my memory*," for it retains, after careful sifting, whatever is collected against me; but if there is any thing for me, such as the whole concession of the poetical question, it passes this without a word of acknowledgment!! Bowles, Bowles, and "Bowles in *particular*," appears in every part of every page, devoted to "particular" vituperation; but not one word of Bowles, and his "invariable principles" of poetry, is heard, when the *substantiality* of all he has contended for so long,—which has been so "*pertinaciously*" denied, disputed, or evaded,—is *suddenly*—and without the least thought, as it should seem, of "degrading" Pope—conceded!!!

The Reviewer, indeed, can now find out, or thinks so, that we might have come to nearly the same conclusion, had the terms been a little more accurately defined.

I defined my terms, before I moved a step; and nothing but the grossest stupidity, or the most daring and wilful perversion, could mistake them. But now we arrive at the *same conclusion*, he can prove the disagreement was owing to want of proper definition of the terms!!

Can he prove that all my arguments have not been misstated, perverted, misrepresented,—that my cleverest opponents did not fight with *their own shadow*? That his predecessor did not talk of “in-door nature” being as much adapted to poetry as “out-door nature?” That “manners” might make poetry as excellent as “passions?” That “the subject did not signify;” and that Roscoe brought examples of “*mice and frogs*” to prove it? But now he can find that there is not much difference! Why did he not find out this before? Why must I write *seven* pamphlets to prove that my critical positions were never fairly met, and that the grossest perversions were constantly resorted to?

He begins now to see, that there is not much difference between me and my opponents! Perhaps Roscoe may at length get a “glimpse,” and find out the silliness of his arguments.

But even in the Quarterly Review, once the great advocate of “in-door nature,” we have no more insults on “Infallible Principles of Poetry.” They have kept their way,

“Conquering the stream by force!”

WE are quite dumb about the “family of Bowles’ and

"Nature!" Notwithstanding the eulogy of Mr. Roscoe's "*enlightened* criticisms," notwithstanding his triumphant appeal to his "mice," all is given up—and even the absurdity attributed to me, of saying that "Pope was no great poet!" There is not, I repeat, a shade of difference between the Reviewer's opinion and my own. I all along contended for this, and no more,—that Pope, as a descriptive poet, was inferior to Cowper and Thomson;—as a lyric poet, failed: did not attempt tragic or epic;—was unrivalled, and never, in my opinion, to be equalled, in the Rape of the Lock, and Epistle to Abelard;—superior to all others, ancient or modern, as a didactic or satirical poet;—but as far as the noblest character and distinction of the most elevated kind of poetry is required, it is indefinite to call him the greatest English poet; "for, from the *"nature of his subjects,"* however exquisitely treated, he must rank inferior to Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser!!

Warton says, "wit and satire are transitory, but "nature and passions eternal!" "As if," says the more sage commentator, "vicious passions, the most "legitimate object of satire, were not as natural and "eternal as torrents and volcanos!"

"As if," rebuts Mr. Bowles, "foibles and follies were "not more legitimate objects of satire than vicious "passions!!"

What would the reader think of "Macbeth," a satire; or "Satan," a satire? Why, Beau Nash would be a better subject than IAGO! What do you think, MR. ROSCOE?

Having, however, thus come to an agreement, at last, on one great point at issue, respecting the station of Pope

as a poet, so long disputed and at last conceded, I now proceed to the consideration of that part of the article in the Quarterly,—the far greater part,—in which my opinions respecting Pope's moral character are canvassed, if insidious abuse can be called canvassing, and in which so much *candour* is displayed, by those who inveigh so bitterly against the want of it in others.

But, before I enter into particulars, I must premise a few words respecting the object, in exciting one general impression of prejudice against me, both as an editor and a man.

I will not here say a word of *fairness*. Fairness I never expected from this quarter on such a subject, or, indeed, on any other; a circumstance nearly as “unaccountable” to me, as my conduct to Pope is “unaccountable” to the Reviewer! I will not speak of *candour* or common liberality; but I will say, that I did not believe one human being, having the advantage of education, and mixing with cultivated society, could have a heart so removed from all feelings of justice and truth, as to bring forth charges, with every exaggeration, to many of which I have replied, without saying one word of the vindication.

The most striking proof of the Reviewer's *candour* is his, apparently, throwing a doubt as to the existence of my *Bath Correspondent*, as if I artfully wrote both the letters, and the answers, in my “Final Appeal!” But BOWLES is not quite such an ADEPT IN THE SCHOOL OF POPE! The Gentleman who took the pains of transcribing the *passages* from Roscoe, is well known to every respectable inhabitant of Bath; and that part of my pamphlet was printed from the identical letters! Stu-

pidity, moreover, puts on its most arch and sapient sneer, because, after the extracts were printed, Mr. Bowles thought it his duty, before publication, to examine that part of Mr. Roscoe's work to which they related. This examination the strictest justice required; for he might add, that he could not have believed that *any one* man in the kingdom would have made "adaptation to purposes" a criterion of the highest poetry!!

I wrote three letters to my correspondent on the subject; and was only convinced, by ocular demonstration, that there could be—not such an "*inadvertent*" blockhead, but—such blockhead at all! Will Mr. Roscoe's edition and arguments stand such scrutiny as mine! Let such Critics as I have met *criticise* it, and how would it fare? or how, if I had thought it worth while to criticise it myself?*

In my "Final Appeal" all his arguments upon the subjects in discussion are *fully* and *fairly* set before the reader!! There *could* be neither distortion, or garbling, or *oblique suppressions*. The arguments stand *fairly* in front, and my answers *directly* follow; yet an insinuation is thrown out, even against the very *fairness* of this proceeding!! The "*indolent*" reader may forget what was said before!! So I am to answer for Mr. Roscoe's lumbering lucubrations, because a *sense* of justice, and a great addition of expense, caused me to give them entire, that the

* Even this Reviewer lauds the notes where my "*unaccountable*" hostility to Pope does not appear. So much,

"e'en *against their will*,

"They have confess'd, and shall confess it still!"

The "sieve," however, lets *through* all *specification*!

arguments and answers might stand as nearly *side by side as possible* !!

I do not think the world of literature can produce such *unfairness*, as to insinuate that even this mode of controversy is unfair !

It was impossible to devise a more fair way of answering the arguments of Mr. Roscoe, as far as I examined them, than by *printing* entire—in front—without garbling, or sinister quibbling, or more sinister omissions,—
ALL HE HAD TO SAY.

My answers are all found in the same book ; and I took the field, with all Roscoe's lumber on my back, for no other reason than that he should have the very *fairest play*.

But "the arguments and replies are too far *separate*" for "indolent" readers !! Who cares about "indolent" readers ? The question was on important subjects of discussion ; and my Appeal was to considerate, not "indolent," readers !! "Indolent readers" may be very convenient for the Quarterly Review, and for such articles on literature as will not bear the slightest examination of a man of sense,—very convenient for articles in which flippancies, "insinuations," and sneers, impose on "indolent" readers.

My answers immediately followed Mr. Roscoe's arguments ; and the reader must be as "indolent" as the Quarterly ought to wish, if, having read one part, he could not turn over a few leaves to compare the other.

What then must be *my* disadvantage, now ?—even with this disadvantage I could beat "out of the ring" fifty such Reviewers !—but what must be my disadvantage, who get, perhaps, one reader, where the Quarterly gets a

hundred! This very answer, by whomsoever read, will be read long afterwards, when nothing but the *heartless* and pitiful "insinuations" of the Reviewer are remembered.

But, I believe, *one man* will read this answer, whom it most concerns; and he will not go out of the room quite so *blithe* in self-conceit as before he took up the pen, to *cut up* "Bowles in *particular*!" I have only to add, I do not want "indolent" readers; for the more considerate, the more impartial, the more truly liberal and dispassionate, the better for me, and the worse for Pope's miserable defenders!

It were to be wished that a fair, just, liberal, and dispassionate review of this whole contest should be given in some popular periodical work:—not a mere *ex parte* business, like this in the Quarterly. This "sieve," indeed, retains only dirt; and yet this same dirt I believe I shall, without much effort, take from the same "sieve," and fling in the face of such a "clumsy," though cunning, sifter!

How *insidious*, how truly in character with Pope himself, are the observations on my rejecting, with scorn, the obscene Imitation of Horace!!

"It was never denied," says Mr. Bowles! As "if Pope denied a thousandth part of the ribaldry imputed to him!" says the Reviewer!! What, does the writer, then, pretend to dispute the author of the Imitation of Horace? this Imitation, which Mr. Roscoe admits to be Pope's, solely on account of its *wit*? But Mr. Bowles assumes a "merit," on account of his omission of it! No, Sir: Mr. Bowles only says, that he ought not to be indiscriminately *condemned*, for he rejected it with scorn!

And yet Mr. Bowles, who rejected this blasphemous and profane filth, is brought in front of the offenders, for "*searching into corners*" for what was disgraceful.

Mark, how a plain tale shall put you down!

All the objectionable writings were published in Warton's edition. Mr. Bowles left out the worst—made the apology of illness for another (the "Six Weeks after Marriage") having been admitted. The "*Double Mistress*" was published by Pope himself; and yet Mr. Bowles is the most painful searcher after these latent indecencies! MR. BOWLES, in PARTICULAR, has INDUSTRIOUSLY sought out these dregs!

The words quoted by Warburton from "HONEST VALERIAN" may here be employed advantageously by myself, "*mentiris impudentissime!*"

The Reviewer's "sieve" is very convenient indeed! besides my greater sins, I have, in ten volumes, (the "Final Appeal" included,) been guilty of *four inadvertencies*, and three or four hasty notes! I know not how many others there may be; but I believe they would, with equal triumph, have been dragged forth, if they could, after the most anxious scrutiny, have been found, though these notes are called a *wasp's nest*!

Besides expunging the infamous Imitation, the most indecent stanza in another poem, admitted by Warton, I expunged, as will be seen by comparing the editions. And this hypocritical outcry is made in defence of him who published the Imitation of Chaucer, &c. and such indecencies to married and unmarried ladies, as Rochester, or Don Juan himself, would not have done!! Let the hypocrites ask whether I have made this *ethic*, pure, and injured bard half as impure as he made himself!

As to "inadvertencies," such cavillers ought to be thankful; for sure I am, they cannot look any substantial argument (if I may say so) full in the face. They direct their puny efforts to some trivial error *beside* the question; or substitute infamous exaggerations to gain an apparent triumph among "INDOLENT READERS;" and by insinuation, and with that quality described so well by Churchill,—

"which supplies,
"And amply too, the place of being wise;"

And the "Parnassian sneers" of flippant-tongued and *brazen-faced* IGNORANCE, constitute themselves the "*Drawcansirs*," not the BUFOs, of the "whole CASTALIAN STATE!!"

But, NOW TO OUR TASK!

ON THE CHARACTER OF BUFO.

*An Enquiry whether the Character of BUFO, in Pope's
Prologue to the Satires, be LORD HALIFAX?*

The more important charges which are brought, with "cumulative" proofs, against "Bowles in particular," may be arranged under three heads:—

First; That I have professed the belief, in which I have all the world, as well as Doctor Johnson, on my side, that Timon was the Duke of Chandos; Sappho,

Lady Mary; and Bufo, Lord Halifax; which last application the Reviewer "collects" all his "might" to disprove, with the aid of the "well-observing" Roscoe! how successfully we shall see.

Secondly; That Pope was *privy* to the *clandestine* publication of his own letters.

And, thirdly; That I have thrown out scandalous insinuations against his purity! which "insinuations" are "*a wasp's nest!*"*

To pass over "insinuations," which are indeed "*a wasp's nest*" against myself, we shall examine these three great points, which Scriblerus has "collected" all his "might" to overturn!

First. It is argued that Lord Halifax could "NOT" "POSSIBLY" be intended by the character of Bufo, he, as Mr. Roscoe "well observes," dying in 1715, and this epistle being published in 1734!

Second. That my opinion, relating to Pope's being privy to the clandestine publication of his letters in 1735, is an injustice to that artless Poet.

Third. That I have thrown out, by "*insinuations,*" most scandalous and unfounded reflections on his purity with regard to ladies.

We shall begin our defence, against the "*collected*" "*might*" of this coadjutor of Mr. Roscoe, by examining the proofs he gives, why "Bufo," as Mr. Roscoe "well observes," could not possibly be meant for Lord Halifax!! And if we can prove, to the satisfaction of every thinking and dispassionate judge, that great critics may err; why then, I think, we may be inclined still to admit, notwithstanding the proofs to the contrary of

* I am afraid our Scriblerus has been a little "stung!"

such infallible oracles, that "Timon was the Duke of Chandos,—Sappho, Lady Mary."

And now to examine the proofs that the "*well observing*" Mr. Roscoe has brought so *triumphantly* to establish the fact, that the character of BUFO could not "*possibly*" be INTENDED FOR LORD HALIFAX!!!

The opinion of this Reviewing Sage is, indeed, worthy the profound Roscoe himself! Doctor Johnson was a *fool*, and Doctor Warton more so; but Bowles bears the blame, for believing the character of Bufo, "*fed with soft dedications,*" was intended for Halifax, to whom most of the poets of the time offered their "*soft dedications!*" And what is the reason that Pope, publishing this satire in 1735, could not possibly have intended Bufo for Lord Halifax? because Lord Halifax died in 1715; as if the lines might not have been written long before they were published, and as if Pope did not say himself, that this poem "*was begun many years ago!*" By parity of reasoning, the well-known lines on Addison could not possibly be intended for him, because they were published in 1727, and Addison died 1719!!

It will save some trouble, if we set the AUGUST PERSONAGE exhibited by Pope before us, marking with *italics* those *lines* in the features which especially will require attention, not of the "indolent," but reflecting, reader!

The curtain draws up. THERE HE SITS IN STATE!
WHO IS HE? Stop a moment:—

When a rustic urchin, with intense admiration, was looking through the small window of a peep-show, the "master of the magic show," pulling a string, cried, "There you see the DUKE OF WELLINGTON as large

"as life ; and there, the King of Prussia !!" "Which
 "is the *Duke of Wellington*?" inquired the eager, and
 almost breathless, young Somerset rustic! "WHICH
 "YOU PLEASE!" said the man at the string, without
 moving a muscle!!

But when the curtain draws up, displaying the GREAT
 BUFO, I say, it is *not* which you please ; for, I say, the
 picture *was* intended for *Lord Halifax*, notwithstanding
 the "well observing" Roscoe pronounces it "not pos-
 "sible," as, WHOEVER HE WAS, he "MUST HAVE
 "BEEN LIVING" when this satire was published, 1734!"
 Notwithstanding this, and the no less positive assurance
 of the equally "*well observing*" Scriblerus of the Quar-
 terly, I, William Lisle Bowles, in defiance of both,
 do assert, and *will prove*, the picture was intended
 to represent Lord Halifax, in the days of King
 William, Queen Anne, and George the First, and
 COULD MEAN NO OTHER !

"See *here he is* !" as some books, which I would re-
 commend to Mr. Roscoe, "have it !"

"See, here he is"—

"Proud as Apollo, on his forked hill,
 "Sat *full-blown* Bufo, *puff'd* by every quill ;
 "Fed with *soft dedications* all day long,
 "Horace and *he* went hand in hand in song.
 "His library (where busts of poets dead,
 "And a true Pindar stood without a head,)
 "Received of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 "Who first his *judgment* ask'd, and then a *place* ;
 "Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 "And *flatter'd* every day, and some days eat ;
 "Till, grown *more frugal* in his *riper days*,
 "He paid some bards with port, and some with praise ;
 "To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 "And others, harder still, he paid in *kind*.

"DRYDEN alone, (WHAT WONDER!) *came not nigh;*"

"DRYDEN ALONE escap'd his *judging eye;*"

"But still the great have kindness in reserve—"

"He help'd to *bury* whom he help'd to *starve!*"

This personage, thus minutely pourtrayed, "*ruled the whole Castalian state*" in Dryden's days, and if the "well observing" Roscoe be right, must have been living, and was contemporary with Pope in 1734!

I shall beg the reader to observe attentively the words in *italic!* The said personage must be, 1st, a poet himself; 2^d, "puff'd by every quill;" 3^d, "fed with soft dedications;" 4th, go "hand in hand" with Horace, as the soft dedications no doubt assured him; 5th, have a fine seat, and library open to the whole race of wits except one; 6th, he must be "grown more frugal in his *riper* days;" he must have discarded claret and more costly wines for humble *port*, while to some poor bards he could not give any thing! 7th, he must have been able, before his "*riper age*," to give a *place* to hungry expectancy; and having places to give, must have been, in those days, not only "*full-blown*" with honours himself, but be *well known!!*

Let us apply all these singular circumstances! If there be a man in whom they do not unite, that cannot be the man;—if all these things unite, and apply to *one* man, and can apply to no other of the period, ΟΥΤΟΣ ΕΞΕΙΝΟΣ!! This is THE MAN! notwithstanding Mr. Roscoe's IMPOSSIBILITIES, "for that Lord Halifax "died in 1715, and was *not living* in the year when "this satire was published, 1734; and the person intended for Bufo was!!"

The public may be tired of such discussion; but surely those who are interested in the works of Pope are not.

Now, "well observing" Roscoe, and thou not less
"well-observing" Reviewer, attend!

First, for "*dedications*."—Sir Richard Steele, in the fourth volume of the Guardian, puffeth thus: "The capacities which have rendered you the GREATEST POET OF THE AGE," &c. In another place: "All the bright images which the *wits of past* ages have left behind them *in their writings*, the noble plans which the greatest statesmen have laid down for the administration of affairs, are equally the object of *your* knowledge."

Such a "POET," then, and a poet so "familiar" with "*all the bright images*" of the wits of former past ages, might well be considered as going "hand in hand with Horace;" as Mr. Roscoe, the Reviewer, and Octavius Gilchrist go "hand in hand" in criticism!!

Thus, in "soft dedication" poureth out his grateful feelings Nicholas Rowe, esquire, tragedian: "Your Lordship's patronage is a new, and will be a lasting, obligation upon me."—(Dedication of Royal Convert.)

But, we must be yet more particular. After much "*soft dedication*" of this kind, the aforesaid Nicholas thus concludes: "When I have told them what men have equally adorned it, and been adorned by it, (poetry,) I might not unfitly apply to them what HORACE said to the Pisos—

" Ne fortè pudori

" Sit tibi Musa lyre solers, et CANTOR APOLLO!!"

This last quotation from one of the innumerable *dedications*, with which Lord Halifax, in his days of power, patronage, and poetry, was "fed," I apprehend may be thought to *kill* (as I have done before in regard

to Mr. Roscoe) *two* birds with one *shot*—accounting both for the designation of “*Proud as Apollo*,” and the “*soft*” idea, that as Horace went hand in hand in song with the Pisos, so he might go “*hand in hand*” with a nobleman, no less illustrious, and no less distinguished for love of the lyre, and devotion to “CANTOR APOLLO!” “Proud as APOLLO!”

I have thus, not only, I believe, found out the origin of Pope’s “PROUD APOLLO,” but, at the first *set-to*, have gone a little way towards knocking down poor Roscoe and his bottle-holder! and (I think I shall “*prove*”) they never made *so bad a hit*, as when they found out it was “*not possible*” that Bufo could be Lord Halifax, that Noble Lord dying in 1715!!

We have seen Bufo, as patron, as poet, going “hand “in hand” with Horace; as Apollo himself! Let us examine the portrait again!

Not having had the honour of being admitted to Lord Halifax, among the “undistinguished wits,”—as, I have no doubt, Roscoe would have been, and that at his levee, had he been living, Octavius would have made his *best bow*,—I can say nothing about the library, or Pindar “without a head;” but, if I might judge by CERTAIN CRITICISMS ON POETRY, LIVING CRITICS as well as dead poets might be considered “sometimes “without a head!”

Before I proceed to the detail of other circumstances, let us attentively weigh the arguments, worthy of Roscoe himself, adduced by Scriblerus, in favour of Roscoe’s reasonings, with regard to the “*impossibility*” of Bufo’s being intended for Halifax!!

"The passage itself PROVES, (quothe he,) as Mr. Roscoe " has *well observed*, that to whomsoever the character of " Bufo may be supposed to refer, IT CANNOT BE to Lord " Halifax, who died in 1715, when Pope was a very " *young* man, and *before* he had published his Homer ; " whereas the *person* alluded to MUST HAVE BEEN " LIVING in Pope's more advanced years, when he had " been ' BE-RHYMED so long,' and was ' grown sick of " fops, and poetry, and prate.' "

So then the PASSAGE ITSELF PROVES that Halifax MUST have been LIVING in Pope's more advanced years, when he had been be-rhymed so LONG, and was GROWN (grown !*)

" Sick of fops, and poetry, and prate ! †

Festina lente ! says the proverb. We shall examine this point presently, and see what the passage " ITSELF PROVES : " but, first, *vos animæ concordēs*, " well observing " Mr. Roscoe, and " well observing " Reviewer on Roscoe's " well-observed " observations, you who are so accurate as to the time when Halifax died, and who bring such decisive proofs that Pope, writing in 1735, could not mean him,—Pray, when did DRYDEN die ?

Now, let us see the " two Kings of Brentford " putting their heads together, and whispering !!

Perhaps you yourself, you " IN PARTICULAR, Mr. Reviewer," may be "*inadvertent*" *sometimes* ; that is,

* The *sliding* in of this little word makes the most material difference in the meaning of the passage, particularly when it is so CLEVERLY connected with the words " be-rhymed so long," with which it has not the least connection ! It would appear that this poem was written, and Bufo was "*living*," when Pope was "*grown*" old, and "*grown*" sick too ! There can be no other inference.

† I would request the reader to turn to Pope's Prologue to the Satires.

in the haste of abusing Bowles, may forget a little as to *dates*!!

Therefore we will, if you please, take down Doctor Johnson!! Page 325, *Lives of the Poets*, small edition: Life of Dryden. What says Doctor Johnson? "The time was now at hand which was to put an end to his schemes and labours: on the first of May, 1701, he (Dryden) having been long a cripple in his limbs, "died in Gerrard-street"!!

So says Doctor Johnson,—at least according to the edition in my hand! How triumphant will it be to find the Doctor himself, about dates, *blundering* as usual, for the "*comfort*" of cavillers; and how may such *cavillers* cackle, to fix on some *verbal* mistakes of my own, when they cannot touch the *substantiality* of my arguments, or deny the obvious *inferences*.

So we must consult, for Dryden's death, better authorities than the Doctor; for Dryden, of whom so much is said, in this character of Bufo, died in 1700.

Now, Gentlemen, have the goodness to turn to the satire, in which stands the character of Bufo, and which, as Mr. Roscoe "*well observes*," could not possibly be meant for Lord Halifax, who was dead, and tell us how many years intervened between Dryden's death and the publication of this satire! According to Cibber, thirty-four; for Cibber says, Dryden died in 1700!

Then Bufo ruled, or was the Mæcenas of the "whole Castalian state," from Dryden's death; thirty-four years—a pretty long space for so illustrious a personage to rule *INCOG.*! taking the period only from Dryden's death!

To proceed:—Pray, Gentlemen, do you remember

these lines, which stand as part of the character of Bufo, in the Prologue to the Satires, line 245 :

" DRYDEN ALONE, (WHAT WONDER?) came not nigh ;

" DRYDEN alone escap'd his JUDGING-eye !

" But still the great have kindness in reserve—

" He HELP'D TO BURY whom HE help'd to starve !"

" Facts," good Gentlemen, "are stubborn things!" You will be *safer* in sticking to indefinite "insinuations," with as many heartless sneers as you can muster up ! That this "Bufo," this great POET—PEER, this ARCH-PATRON of all poets, EXCEPT DRYDEN, whom he "help'd "to STARVE," MUST HAVE BEEN living in the year 1735, however "well observed," requires some strong proof!

Next observe, this "Bufo," who "help'd to bury" Dryden in 1701, must also have been surrounded during Dryden's life by Dryden's cotemporaries, and have helped to "starve" him; and this period we may set down as *ten years* before his death ! This makes forty-four years !!

But we are told that "*this satire was written at an age* "when Pope was sick of poetry and prate !" Indeed ! Look back a little,—look at the poem,—and ask, at what age he was most "sick" of the "prate" of Gildon, Dennis,* &c. ; and then ask, which of the two is more credible ? that the circumstances, which agree in such minute particulars, should be relied on; or Mr. Roscoe's "*impossibilities*," even if the "well observing" Roscoe understood a little of English grammar ! But of this I shall say more by and bye.

* See Dr. Johnson's Life of Pope, for specimens of Dennis's "prate" on the "Essay on Criticism !"

Nor need I place reliance on the story related by Dr. Johnson, (whether the whole story might be true or not,) that "Lord Halifax sent to Lady Howard (Dryden's widow) to say, that if she and her son would give him leave to BURY Mr. Dryden, he would BURY him with a gentleman's private funeral, and afterwards bestow five hundred pounds on a monument in the Abbey; which, as they had no reason to refuse, they accepted."

But as far as I have gone I let plain and singular facts speak for themselves, leaving out all "insinuations" respecting Pope's art and practised concealments; and can only say, if I *were* a blockhead, it is some comfort to have the company of Dr. Johnson! *Solamen miseris*, &c.

To proceed:—no one, then, but Lord Halifax, peculiarly "fed by soft dedications," could be said to "rule the whole Castalian state," before and after Dryden's death! And Bufo, the patron of all poets, EXCEPT Dryden, in Dryden's days, must *then* also have "ruled the whole Castalian state!" And yet this ruler of the "whole Castalian state" from Dryden's days to 1734 must be still living in Pope's advancing age, and yet nobody ever heard from that day to this who this "GREAT UNKNOWN" was!! "Well observed," indeed, Roscoe!*

And now to examine the "well observed" observations as to the time, when Pope was SICK of "poetry and prate!" As I recommended a Latin grammar and

* How inexcusable must Dr. Johnson have been, for he was twenty-five years old himself when Pope published the Prologue to the Satires, and, of course, contemporary with this illustrious INCOG. if Roscoe be right! and yet he is so ignorant and obstinate as to fix on HALIFAX!

dictionary to Roscoe, I might now recommend to his friend an English grammar, before he pretends to write pert and contumelious criticisms.

The reader, if not "indolent," I am sure, is nearly satisfied already. So far from its being true, that Pope speaks of the existence of Bufo in his own decline of life, every name, every circumstance, every allusion in the satire, as I shall further prove, (from line 125 to Bufo's appearance,) is confined to the period *before* Halifax died! But it may be as well, in confirmation of what has been before said, to adduce Pope's own words concerning this satire—"It was BEGUN MANY YEARS SINCE, and continued by snatches!!"

And let us, at the same time, keep in remembrance what Johnson has said:—"Addison began to praise him early; and was accompanied by other poets, perhaps by ALMOST ALL, except Swift and Pope, who forbore to flatter him in *his life*, and afterwards spoke of him,—Swift with slight censure, and Pope, IN THE CHARACTER OF BUFO, with acrimonious contempt. He was, as Pope says, 'fed with soft dedications,' and Tickel affirms that no dedication was unrewarded."

A poem* which was "begun MANY YEARS AGO," might well be considered to have been "begun" about the time of some of these "*soft dedications*" to Halifax; and if Roscoe and Scriblerus had *common sense*, and knew any thing of grammar,—instead of so "*well observing*" that "Bufo must be alive in Pope's more advanced

* In my note *in loco*, (Bowles's edition,) I should have said, "*published*" after Halifax's death.

"years, *when*" (a pretty substitute for "*now*") he "was *sick of poetry and prate*,"—they would have "observed" that the whole connection in this satire, from Pope's early friends to Addison and Bufo, 1715, is as plain as the road to Liverpool from London. Before we have done, I believe I shall cause both these "observers," like the *two* kings before alluded to, to whisper again, shake their heads, and grumble,—This "pestilent Parson is too much for us after all!"

The reader's attention, not that of an "indolent" one, is now farther requested. After the well-known lines on Addison, Pope says,

"I *sought* no homage from the race that write;
 "I *kept*, like Asian monarchs, from their sight;*
 "Poems I *heeded* (*now* be-rhym'd so long!)
 "No more than thou, great George, a birth-day song!
 "I ne'er with wits or wittings pass'd my days,
 "To spread about the itch of verse or praise;
 "Nor like a puppy, dangled through the town,
 "To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
 "Nor at REHEARSALS," &c.

Can the eighth and ninth line be said to relate to a person in age? At this time, Pope's poetical character was fully established; and now, "remote from wittings," he "*left* the whole Castalian state" to Bufo!† Then comes the description of Bufo, in the time of Dryden, continued to this æra of Pope's poetical fame, and thus

* When did Pope keep "*out of sight*" from the "race that write?" When he left Button's, the general resort of the wits, having been personally offended with Phillips, who, it is said, "hung up a rod" for him, long *before* the death of Halifax!

† He had published his PASTORALS, WINDSOR FOREST, TEMPLE OF FAME, ELOISA, the RAPE OF THE LOCK, &c. The first volume of Homer was published in the year in which Halifax died.

this part of the satire has its coherence and regular connection.

I shall not yet dismiss the "*well observing*" and simple Roscoe, and his "*well observing*" and sage friend; I shall not yet say—

"DEMETRI, teque TIGELLI,

"Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras."

As I have given "the Member of the Della Crusca Society" a lesson in Horace, I will now endeavour to set him right in English.

We have seen how profound is his observation, to which our blithe Critic responds so happily! The "nucleus" of what he has so "*well observed*" is this,—that Pope, now advanced in years, and writing this satire, when he had been "be-rhym'd so long," and leaving the whole "CASTALIAN STATE" to Bufo, Bufo MUST have been his cotemporary at this period; notwithstanding Bufo's plenitude of patronage, in the state of Castalia, was in Dryden's days!

Now, as I construed Horace to Mr. Roscoe, let me construe to him this very sentence, on which he trusts so much, while the Reviewer claps him on his back, "*manibus plaudentibus!*"

The poet had spoken of his early poems, then of critics, which bring him to Addison! He "sought no homage from the race that write," and though "*now*"—at this period of life—"be-rhymed so long"—he *then*—at that time—"headed" poems no more than George does now a birth-day song!*

"Poems I HEADED (*now* be-rhym'd so long!)

"No more than thou, great George, a birth-day song!"

* I shall observe afterwards on the ninth and tenth lines: "Nor at rehearsals," &c.

There can be no other, even grammatical, construction of the passage, than this: I "heeded" referring to time past, and "*now*" to the present! Leaving the "*well observing*" Roscoe to ponder a little, we return to this arch-poet, patron, and statesman! In 1698, Halifax was made First Commissioner of the Treasury, and appointed one of the Regency in the King's absence; in the next year (1699), Auditor of the Exchequer; and in 1700, Baron Halifax. During this period he, like Bufo,

"Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
"Who first his JUDGMENT ask'd, and then a PLACE!"

In the reign of Queen Anne, and in "his *riper age*," he was out of employment; and therefore growing *frugal*, he repaid some bards with "a dry rehearsal," and some "in kind," just like Bufo! He was in his "riper days," and unable to treat with better wine than "port," when he was not only *out of place*, but even quite out of favour, like Bufo, during the last four years of Queen Anne, at whose death he was at the "ripe age" of 53. And now for the time when Pope was most especially "*sick!*" After the death of Queen Anne he was as "sick" of the Whigs, as he had been before of Gildon, Dennis, Blackmore,* Phillips, &c.†; and Halifax, like Bufo, was now, indeed, "full-blown," when he received the last and highest honours, being created Earl of Halifax by George I.‡ by whose accession Pope's friends were

* Blackmore is alluded to in the following line:

"Whose fustians, so sublimely bad!" &c.

Prologue to the Satires.

† Oldmixon, after the accession of George the First, expressed a wonder that "such libellers as Swift, &c. were not punished."

‡ Installed KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, and made Lord Lieutenant of the county of Surrey.

scattered:—when Swift was disappointed in Ireland; Oxford retired to Herefordshire; and when all Bolingbroke's schemes of ambition were destroyed. About this time the quarrel with Addison began, and thus Bufo and he are placed together in the same satire!

Now, can any man in his senses, I will not ask "poor" Roscoe, but whatever readers I may get, believe there could be *another* Lord, whom every thing in this description would suit, besides Lord Halifax!

What does Mr. Roscoe, gaping at his wonderful discovery, imagine that there were *two* patrons, such as Halifax, in Dryden's days? *two*, "fed by dedications?"—*two*, who patronised all the poets, except Dryden? We know he seemed to think Shakespeares as plenty as blackberries, and such patrons, perhaps, as plentiful also! But I am afraid, taking all things into consideration, Bufo will be Halifax, notwithstanding all Mr. Roscoe has so "*well observed!!*" his observations being equally remote from probability, the coherence of the satire, the chronology of the period, and the grammatical structure of the passage!!

Perhaps the reader may begin to think that these are somewhat singular coincidences,—

"Season your admiration for a while!"—(*Hamlet.*)

The strongest fact is to come! Now, Scriblerus, as in your affected jargon you talked of "*cumulative*" proofs, you shall have them in sufficient "*cumulation*" to overwhelm yourself, and the "*well observing*" Roscoe!

Let us examine a little closer one line:

"Dryden alone, 'NO WONDER,' came not near!"

Why should there be so specific an expression that

Dryden did not come near, and that there was "no wonder!" It would have been "A WONDER" if he had! Why? Because, should Bufo be Halifax after all, notwithstanding it could "*not be possible*," as Mr. Roscoe and his critic so "well observe," Halifax had written a little poem in *ridicule* of this Dryden; and it would have been a "wonder," if after this he had "*come nigh!*" When was this satire written, and what was its name? It was written in the year before that in which Alexander Pope came into "this *breathing* world;" it was called, —hear, Reviewer, and thou exquisite "*observer*," Roscoe! —it was called, "The CITY MOUSE and COUNTRY "MOUSE," —the *cockney* and *provincial* mouse! This satire was written in conjunction with Matthew Prior, to ridicule Dryden's Hind and Panther, in 1687.

This is pretty strong evidence! The reader will say, "WHAT WONDER" Dryden "came not NIGH!" and think it not the *least* "WONDER," that *two* such "well observing" Foodles should adorn *one* age, and write criticisms on Pope! I shall now say a word about the name of Bufo!

Perhaps, Octavius Gilchrist, who, after such parade of what he would do to vindicate "calumniated worth," did nothing but abuse Bowles, might inform us, as he did of Sappho, that "chance alone" directed Pope to the name of Bufo! Perhaps not! Perhaps an association (but this is all "conjecture") of ideas with a little animal called a *mouse* might have suggested the thought of another little animal, (both *adapted* to the higher order of poetry,) called *frog*! And who knows, (this is only "conjecture!") the *frog* might have suggested the name of another little animal, the

Latin of which is Bufo, a *toad*;* a name, at least, well applied, when it appears there were so many "toad-eating" puffers of this "proud Apollo!" I would not "insinuate," that if Mr. Roscoe, (like Prior and Montague,) in conjunction with Octavius Gilchrist, were to write criticisms, such criticisms might not unaptly be termed the *prolusions* of toad and frog!!!

I have dwelt somewhat longer on this part, because the two "well observing" sages seem to cackle out *Euphonia* together, on the happiness of the discovery that Bufo "could *not possibly be*" Halifax! If it be said that Pope does not speak of Bufo's "ruling," but that he *left* the "whole Castalian state" to him, such *quibbling* (and other quibbles on Johnson's *dates* might be made) is worthy such sapience!!

Sage as such united sapience may now look, I have not done with the subject. In my answer to Roscoe, I contrived, I believe, as was visible to every reader but himself, to "kill *two birds* with one stone," that stone being from the *sling*, which, together with the *stone*, he kindly and "*inadvertently*" put into my hands.

I think I can again do something of the same kind before I finish what I have to say on this *Euphonia* of the "well observing" Noodle and Foodle of "the Castalian state" in 1825!!

An "*insinuation*" is thrown out, in observations as *liberal* as they are *ingenious*, on the letters of my friend

* The late Editor of the Quarterly Review compared a critic to this reptile in a garden. But Mr. Gifford never received the provocation and insult which were heaped upon me by one man, whom Mr. Roscoe, and not myself, has again brought forward.

at Bath, who furnished the extracts from Roscoe, that "clumsy" as was this expedient, it answered some purposes; particularly that when "I *could not* answer Mr. "Roscoe's arguments," the excuse might be that they were not sent to me! Now, in answer, I say plainly,

First; This his ingenious discovery and proof that *Bufo* could not be Lord Halifax, was not *sent me*! I knew not of its existence. I never read a word of Roscoe's Pope, except to compare the extracts; being satisfied, from specimens of his criticisms, of his *profundity*, and *fitness* for the task! ! !

Now, Sir, do you think that I, as *cunning* as Pripe, but more "clumsy," took care my friend should not send this delectable discovery, because I could not answer it? You see I have pretty well answered it, though you thought I *cunningly omitted* it, as being UNANSWERABLE!

"We," in the jargon of criticism, have thus submitted to the reader these "cumulative proofs" which point to Halifax, and to Halifax alone, as "making the Castalian state" in Dryden's days; and till the death of Halifax! Now, as far as we have gone, let us sum up the detail:

1st. This *Bufo* must have written poems himself! So did Halifax!

2d. He must have been the great patron of the literary world, "the whole Castalian state!" So was Halifax!

3d. He must have been "fed with soft dedications!" So was Halifax! The dedications to Halifax were Rowe, Steele, Addison, Tickel, Dennis, Hughes, Stepney, Motteux, Ozell, Congreve, &c.

4th. Bufo's peculiarly splendid library is specified by Pope! Addison speaks of the splendid "library" of Halifax!

5th. He must have had emoluments and places to give away; in short, have been a minister of state! So was Halifax!

6th. In his "riper age," having lost his places, his power of patronage must have been diminished! This was the case with Halifax in the reign of Queen Anne.

7th. Of the wits and poets whom Bufo patronised, Dryden was the only one who "came not nigh!" Dryden alone came "not nigh" Halifax!

8th. Pope tells us, it was "NO WONDER" Dryden came "*not nigh*" Bufo; and it was "no wonder" Dryden came "not nigh" Halifax!

9th. That this patron, to whom all poets had access, *SAVE DRYDEN*, the reason for which is so peculiar, was among the subscribers to his *funeral*, cannot be doubted! He helped to "*starve*" Dryden, because he did every thing in his power to injure his reputation during his life!*

10th. Bufo was "full-blown!" So was Halifax, when every cumulated honour had been conferred on him by George I.

Now, that all these peculiar circumstances should meet together in one person, living in 1734, and *then ruling the whole state of Castalia*, and that person entirely unknown, I pronounce IMPOSSIBLE!

But I have not yet done with all the "cumulative proofs" indicative of Halifax, and of him alone!

* "In his poems," he says, "Dryden had no heart!" Pope asked his "JUDGMENT" on the first books of Homer, and "a place" was indirectly promised!!

We have seen the probable cause for the *name*,—for the munificent personage being placed on the “two-fork’d hill,” “proud as Apollo,”—and for going, like the wealthy Pisos, “hand in hand” with Horace !

All these things are so peculiar—so specific—so clearly traced in one man, and so impossible to be found in another, that I believe the reader will begin to wonder at that hebetude of understanding, which either could not trace, or would not acknowledge, these coincidences; and yet could so rashly affirm, it was “*not possible*” that Bufo could be intended for Halifax, because Halifax died in 1715, and this personage “*must be alive*” in 1734 !

This is a “sieve, and swallow” too, beyond my comprehension!! But what must we think of a CRITIC, professing knowledge of such things—an editor of a most popular literary journal, revising and correcting this article of this critic—Mr. DOODLE, Mr. FOODLE, and Mr. NOODLE, F.R.S. “associate of the first class “of the Royal Society of Literature”—all three laying their heads together, and agreeing how “well it “was observed,” by brother “Noodle,” that Bufo could not “*possibly*” be Halifax, because this Bufo must have been alive in Pope’s advancing years; though, to the knowledge of any human being, he—this patron, this poet, this statesman, this nobleman, whom all the wits of the day came near EXCEPT DRYDEN—was as unknown as PRESTER JOHN!!

Here leaving these “well observing” gentlemen, Noodle and Foodle, in amaze at those “cumulative “proofs,” I think the reader will be fully satisfied that “Mr. Bowles in particular” did not affix the character of

Bufo on Halifax, from "mere conjectural interpretation!!" I shall just add, that this Halifax—sitting like Apollo among contemporaries, critics, and wits, and poets—did not *patronise* John Dryden! But there was another John who did *come nigh*, and who was also especially *patronised*; and who also, *rough* as he was to others, became "a soft dedicator" also, and this was—JOHN DENNIS, Pope's most inveterate enemy!!

Least a doubt should remain, I shall now more minutely examine the point, as to the period when the poet left "the whole Castalian state" to Bufo. It was at that period of life when some of his contemporaries "sweat at rehearsals," &c.

In this very "Prologue to his Satires," Pope enumerates those of whom he was "sick:":—Burnet, Oldmixon, Cook, "Slashing Bentley," and "Piddling Tibbalds."* Burnet attacked his friends Bolingbroke and Oxford in a letter dedicated to the same Nobleman. The year Halifax died, 1715, he published *Homerides*, on the projected translation of Homer! Cook and Oldmixon† attacked him afterwards; but Oldmixon was an old man at this time, and the presumption is, that having been mentioned at the same time with Burnet, they had committed some offence. Bentley, Pope himself informs us, projected dedicating his edition of Horace to Halifax!

These critics and poets lead the satirist to Addison, whom he praised in the *Dunciad*, and satirized in the Prologue to the Satires. The arch Warburton

* More will be said of these names further on.

† Oldmixon attacked Swift in 1715.

tells us, in the notes to the Dunciad, on the praise of Addison, "nothing is MORE REMARKABLE than OUR "AUTHOR'S love of PRAISING GOOD writers!!" To which another Editor begs to add, "nothing is more "remarkable in *our author*, than praising at one time "those whom he satirizes at another!"

Among the critics who annoyed Pope at this period of his life,—for *afterwards*, instead of being "*sick*," he cared infinitely less about them,—may be mentioned, besides Dennis and Gildon—Ducket, Welsted, Centlivre, &c. To these may be added, "Bedlam and the "Mint!!!"

So annoyed had he been, that, the very year after Halifax's death, we find him writing his complaints of what a "poet militant" suffers; and the same year, Swift, speaking of the number of Pope's enemies, says, "Who are *all these enemies* you hint at?"

Such were the *critics*, of whose *prate* Pope was, and well might be, "*sick*;" and at a time when he must have felt the annoyance most, while they fluttered like *maggies* round an eagle!

But of what "poetry" was he "*sick*?" "*Sick*," as who would not be, of the *Bucolicks* of his rival *Arcadian*, PHILLIPS, spoken of also, in this "Prologue to the "Satires!" How "sick" Pope was of *his* "poetry" is obvious, from the elaborate caricature of Phillips's Pastorals written for the "Guardian," at this period; and by the delight he expressed when Gay, his "divine Bucolick," ridiculed his rival *Arcadian* so successfully in his "Shepherd's Week!!"

Besides these pastoral strains, was he "sick" of no other poetry? What does the reader think of that great

heroic poet, who sung "so loudly and so long," Blackmore? whose works —

" ————— never will be half read;
 " Who first sung 'Arthur,' then 'King Alfred'—
 " Undid *Creation* at a *jerk*," &c.

How "sick" he was of such heroics, as well as the softer strains of Phillips, is apparent all through his works: he might be said to have made Blackmore the first and last subject of his song, as Horace says,

" *Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende, Camæna!*"

So he was at this period as "sick" of Blackmore's "heroicks," as of Ambrose Phillip's Bucolicks! and perhaps he was more "sick" still of the "prate" at Button's, and the rival *Arcadian's* rod hung up there!

What argument is opposed to all this evidence? Pope spoke with respect of Halifax, in the Epilogue to the Satires! Did he not speak with respect of Addison in the Dunciad?

I have thought this detail necessary. I am sure every thing I have said will be corroborated by only turning to this satire! I have said, also, that the "well observing" Roscoe, to make it out that it is "impossible Bufo" "should be Halifax," must confound *times* as well as *tenses*; for it is obvious, if Pope were *now* in his "*riper age*," and Bufo was *now* alive, and, like the Quarterly Reviewer, *INCOG.*—why then, I think all *grammarians*, except some at Liverpool, must think that Pope would have written not I "left," but

" Sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 " To Bufo leave the whole Castalian state!"

As in Præsentî perfectum format in avi, Master Ros-

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coe ! and, therefore, I leave "the whole Castalian state" to judge of the "well observing" *sapience* of the first goose, and the no less critical acumen of the ARCH GOOSE in the Quarterly Review, who comes twaddling, and waddling, and *cackling* after !!

I shall here beg leave to add one monosyllable, not that of which all geese, it is said, have an instinctive dread—"Bo;"* but that of which such geese as these have a kind of instinctive dread—"IF"†—

"And IF I had them upon Sarum plain,

"I'd drive them cackling home to 'Murray's Rooms!'"

Shakespeare.

I have already spoken of the general tenor and order of this poem. Should the reader be not quite so "indolent" as it might be wished for such *critical directors*

* M. S. *Aki legunt pro "Bo"*—Bow! *at nonnulli, BOWLES! sic lege meo periculo!!*—(Bentleius.)

† I must here give the reader some information respecting the monosyllable "IF!" I really thought this silly cuckoo-cry had been over; and I thought also, that there could not possibly be *two* persons in his Majesty's dominions, who would not think all that has been said about it beneath contempt! The fact is this: Mr. Bowles said, that a particular story was most disgraceful to Pope, "IF TRUE; but it ought not to be believed *for a moment* on the word of an adversary!!" Again: Mr. Bowles, speaking of the imputed crime in another place, said nearly the same! But Dr. Warton having called "this a *blemish*, if true!" Mr. Bowles said, "call it a blemish! if true, it was most atrocious!!" And now, forsooth, Mr. Bowles is "*ashamed*," at last, into the admission of that which he constantly, willingly, and warmly proclaimed! But the little bit of a *foot-note*, upon Warton's notes, stands between the positive assurances of disbelief! Therefore Mr. Bowles has on *either side* a *fort* to fly to!! Even Roscoe is a STAGYRITE to this Doctor! I may well disdain to reply; but as I shall have occasion, perhaps, to recur to this "IF," I thought it best to explain the occasion.

The whole vocabulary of the English language does not supply me with a word sufficiently expressive of my scorn; and therefore I content myself with simply saying—"WHAT AN ASS!!"

of taste and truth, let him spare a few minutes to look back at the course and order of this "Prologue to the *Satires*." It was published in 1734,* when the patron of all the poets, EXCEPT DRYDEN, according to the "well observing" Roscoe, was still alive and merry.

"Shut, shut the door," exclaims the languid bard; and John Searle is described as endeavouring to keep back the crowd pressing into the room, some to "solicit" a prologue and "*ten pounds*," and some roaring aloud "Subscribe—subscribe!"

At line 127, when he is released from the crowd, he begins the retrospect of his poetical life,—

"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
"I *lisp'd* in numbers!"

But his friend in the Dialogue enquires, "Why then publish?" Why! answereth the bard; because Granville, and Walsh, and Garth, and Congreve, and Swift, and Talbot, &c. persuaded him he could write, and approved his poems! These were all his earliest friends. Thus he is persuaded to publish (line 147):—

"Soft were his numbers," (his pastorals,) "who could take offence?"

Yet then

"Did Gildon draw his venom'd quill;"

And then did

"Dennis also RAVE in FURIOUS pet!"

But he did not of course reply to

"Bedlam and the Mint!"

* In Bowles's edition, 1733. Pope was a "very young man!" say the sages!! So young, as to be seven and twenty; and to have written all the poems which entitle him to him *highest rank* in his art,—ELOISA, RAPE OF THE LOCK, &c.!!

From Gildon, and Dennis, and "Bedlam and the
"Mint," he proceeds to more "*sobber*" critics, and
some, *verbal cavillers*—

"The 'word-catchers,' that live on syllables!"

Then he enumerates poets of the same period,—
Phillips, his rival Arcadian.

"Whom *pilfered* pastorals renown!"

And adds the "no-meaning," and "fustian poet,"* till he
comes to the illustrious Addison! Thus all in the
satire is consistent, and in due chronological order.

Now, reader, again attend! Pope, at this time,
never "sweat at rehearsals," never had a play acted, as
Phillips had, whose "Distressed Mother," had been
lately performed with applause!

Pope had never written plays, nor ever

"at REHEARSALS sweat and cried,

"With handkerchief and orange at his side!"

Pope had not! No! but who had? Addison, 'whom
he had just described,—just described, as "giving his
"little senate laws," like CATO! And "Cato" was
the most successful play in its time that ever appeared,
and was now in its meridian glory and popularity, being
first acted in 1713!†

* Blackmore.

† Let it be remembered that I am not speaking of the time when
this part of the satire was *written*; but of the times to which it evidently
alludes. This part was probably written on the quarrel with Addison,
and patron and poet were placed together. This is the reason that the
portraits of Addison and Halifax are brought together in this satire, as
Addison was inseparably connected with Halifax as long as he lived.

Pope never "sweat at rehearsals, with handkerchief and "orange!" But, as I asked before, who did? The Author of CATO! for, in the Life of Addison, (Johnson's Life,) this singular circumstance appears:

"The play, supported thus by the emulation of factitious praise, was acted *night after night*, for a longer time than the public, I believe, had allowed to any DRAMA before; and the '*Author*' (who, like Cato gave 'his little senate laws,') as Mrs. Porter (the chief actress) long afterwards related, 'WANDERED "THROUGH the WHOLE EXHIBITION, BEHIND the "scenes, with RESTLESS and UNAPPEASABLE solicitude!"

This coincidence is casual, nor is it wanted; but how illustrative of the person, and time, of which Pope speaks!

I affirm, moreover, in the face of these "well observing" critics, that from the line 135, in which Pope speaks of his early poems, not one name is introduced previously to the portraits of Addison and B—,—not one name is introduced, except the names of those who were cotemporaries, and authors, before the death of Halifax!

His elegant Epistle from Italy to his friend is the best of his poetical productions. It should not be forgotten, that in the dedication prefixed to his Latin poems, Addison speaks of the "Turba Poetarum!"

Such an accumulation of evidence never could be conceived without examination. But what must a literary man be, who could think of editing Pope, without taking *one* of these proofs into consideration,—saying, it was "*impossible*" that Halifax was Bufo! And who could have been that *one* man in all reading and writing England, who, totally blind to such evidence, could shut his eyes, as the Cock in the Fable, and, talking of my "swallow!" open his mouth as wide as the Dragon of Wantley to swallow Roscoe's "*impossible*"—that Bufo could be Halifax! I should have thought, in respect to Roscoe,

"None but himself could be his parallel!"

The poet retrospectively enumerates, first, his *early friends*,—Walsh, Garth, Granville, Congreve, &c. I have already spoken of Burnet, Oldmixon, and Cook, his antagonists. He speaks especially of him,

“Whom pilfered pastorals renowned;”

Tate* died in the *Mint*, the year after Halifax died; for even “Bedlam and the Mint” were classed as Pope’s opponents at this time!

As to “slashing Bentley,”† “and piddling Tibbalds,” or Theobald, the epithet “slashing” might be applied to Bentley on account of his HORACE, and not his MILTON (published in 1732,) only, as must be obvious from “Virgilius Restauratus,”‡ in direct ridicule of the “slashing” corrector of Horace! As to Theobald, the initials Th: occur among the names of Pope’s opponents in 1711. I may further observe, that this article most happily unites the “slashing” and the “piddling,”—the slashing of brazen-faced and desperate ignorance, and the piddling of verbal cavils and petty-fogging maliciousness!!

Tibbald, or Theobald, published, it is true, his “Shakespeare Restored” in 1726! But Theobald had offended Pope before, in *Mist’s Journal*, and the words “piddling Theobald,” with the other lines on verbal critics, might have been added afterwards, as the satire, Pope informs us, was written “by *snatches!*”

Such, reader, are my “cumulative proofs,” that Bufo *must* be Halifax! I brought no “cumulative proofs”

* “And own that nine such poets make a Tate!”

† “From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds!”

‡ Bentley’s celebrated Horace came out in 1711.

before, because I thought it absolutely impossible there could be *two* Noodles in his Majesty's dominions, who could doubt, much less deny, it! and I have adduced, now, this cumulation of proofs, not so much to shew that Bufo was Halifax, but to expose the ignorance and impudence of *two* solemn blockheads, sitting in judgment on Dr. Johnson and Dr. Warton! Mr. Bowles is happily more "alive" than Bufo was in 1734, to vindicate himself from the anathemas of such an inquisition of drivellers!

One *observation* here occurs, which, I believe, will be as good as any "observation" of these *wonderful observers*; and my observation is this,—When I bade adieu, in my Final Appeal, to "*blockheads*," I did not suspect there could "*possibly*" be—not *one*, but—*two* such arrant *blockheads* in the kingdom; but if there had been so many, I could not conceive there could be another such a blockhead, in the "Castalian state" of 1825, as the editor of a work so popular as the Quarterly Review, who could have suffered such ignorant impudence to "prate about Pope and poetry," and blazon its petty maliciousness, and downright stupidity, in FRONT of that Corinthian Journal!

Mr. Lockhart, one of the most intelligent men, and powerful writers, in the kingdom, ought to have got into the mail-coach from Edinburgh, or put on his *league boots*, instantly, and taken the reins out of the hands of Dan Coleridge, and given him a reprimand at least! May such an article—so crude, so ignorant, yet so like a "wasp's nest"—never disgrace that miscellany again. I am sure it will not, if Mr. Lockhart conducts it!

How it came to pass that such an article was admitted, —*quo suadente, quibus consiliis*,—I ask not. I AM ALIVE, but still wondering, that, of “all the birds in the air” and “fishes in the sea,” such a blockhead should think himself qualified to “prate about Pope and his “times!” and that there should be no man of common intelligence among the conductors of the Quarterly Review, to prevent such an *exhibition!*

Having brought now, for the first time, my “cumulative proofs,” that Bufo was Halifax, and could be no one else, it is but fair to examine what the Reviewer relies on so much, *per contra!*

What then are “ALL these proofs,” which the “well “observing” Roscoe, echoed by the “WELL OBSERVING” Quarterly, produces to *persuade* that obstinate Bowles! Hear, reader, I beseech you! THE PROOFS are *three!* First: That Halifax died in 1715, and could not “possibly” be Bufo, who was alive when Pope published the satire! Second: What is their *triumphant* evidence?—their own *ignorance* even of *tenses* and *grammar!* And next: That of this same Bufo, Pope afterwards spoke with gratitude and respect, when, in THIS VERY *Prologue to the Satires*, close to the *personage represented as Bufo*, stands the shade of the ILLUSTRIOUS AND INJURED Addison; *et magnâ testatur voce*, that this grateful and consistent poet had done the very same thing to himself, speaking of whom, only six years before, in his Preface to the Miscellanies, he publicly professes regret for having written those very lines, which remain for ever a monument of his vindictiveness!!

Is there no common sense—are there no honest and honourable feelings in this “enlightened age” of

1825—that such iron-faced ignorance should be placed in the very front of such a periodical publication, as the Quarterly Review!

Why do not the friends of Pope “*tie up*” these defenders, who injure Pope, and give such triumph to Bowles!

“*All these testimonies!*” What testimonies? That Pope, when he said he was “sick of prate,” was in advancing age! (Which he *was not!*) That Bufo was alive in 1734! (Which he *was not!*) And that the same Pope spoke of Lord Halifax with respect and gratitude in one poem, and, therefore, could “not possibly” satirise him in another!! “All these *testimonies* could not PERSUADE MR. BOWLES!”—that *two and two make nine!!** No, indeed, they COULD NOT; for if they had, he must have been a greater goose, if possible, than the “*well observing*” Roscoe, or this doubly “WELL OBSERVING” QUARTERLY SCRIBLERUS!!!

“ALL THESE TESTIMONIES!” (lackaday, for the obstinate “*pertinacity*” of some people!) “ALL THESE TESTIMONIES,”—

(“List! list! oh, list!

“If thou didst ever love thy grandmama!”—*Hamlet.*)

“All these UNIFORM TESTIMONIES,” sighs out the erudite and amiable Reviewer, “of RESPECT and GRATITUDE, expressed in the plainest language, and continued through a period of three and twenty years, “Mr. Bowles, by one *conjectural interpretation*, converts

* “And own that *nine* such *poets* make a Tate!”—(*Pope.*)
And own that *nine* such *critics* make—a Goose!!*

* *Sartoris anser!*—Bentley! *Anglice*—Tailor’s goose!

"at once into *proofs* of ingratitude and hypocrisy!"
Oh! wicked Mr. Bowles!!

It has been seen, by something more than "one conjectural interpretation," that Mr. Bowles had reasons for thinking Bufo was Halifax; and the same Mr. Bowles asserts the same thing now, and leaves the public to judge of *Pope's ingratitude and hypocrisy!* Mr. Bowles leaves the public, also, to judge of the "uniform testimony" to this Reviewer's, and brother Roscoe's absurdity; according to whom, "*the passage itself proves,*" what Mr. Roscoe and this sagacious Reviewer have so "well observed," that "*the thing*" is not LEFT to "CONJECTURE," for that "the character of BUFO. CANNOT BE LORD HALIFAX! who DIED when Pope was a very YOUNG man! whereas the person alluded to MUST HAVE BEEN LIVING in Pope's MORE ADVANCED YEARS, when he *had been 'be-rhymed so long!'*"—(Quarterly Review for 1825!)

Notwithstanding the "uniform testimony" adduced by these sages, I am afraid it must follow, by much more "UNIFORM TESTIMONY," that Bufo was Halifax, and could be no other!! Q. E. D.

Pope informs us, that to some bards Bufo only granted a "dry rehearsal!" Let us suppose a little scene from such a play, on this occasion, which I shall "*engraft,*" merely by way of enlivening the subject a little:—

*Bayes, Bowles, and the two Kings of Brentford
performed by Noodle and Doodle.*

Bowles. Why, Mr. Bayes, this GREAT MAN of yours must have been arch-patron, and poet, upwards of *forty*

years, if he helped to starve Dryden, and helped to bury him, and was alive and lusty in 1734!

Bayes. True, Sir; but have the goodness to attend to the performers!

(Noodle and Doodle whisper, and shake their heads.

Bowles. I observe your *two kings* whispering and shaking their heads again!!

Bayes. Aye, Sir, to be sure; that is as much as to say, It is a GREAT SECRET!

Bowles. A great secret, Mr. Bayes! What could a person, so distinguished as this patron must have been, who ruled "all Castalia" between forty and fifty years; who patronised all the poets, except Dryden; who was in power and place, and wrote poetry himself;—could such a person be living in 1734, forty years afterwards, and quite INCOG.!!

Bayes. Why, Mr. Bowles, I vow and declare, you are so *particular*, I—I—in short, Sir, you are very "*pertinacious*," in asking so many questions,—you had better attend to my performers!

(Noodle and Doodle shake their heads, and whisper again.

Bowles. Mr. Bayes, I see your performers still shake their heads, and whisper!

Bayes. Yes, to be sure; how can they better inform you, that the great man, concerning whom they have been *whispering*, was, in 1734—NOBODY! I should rather say, SOMEBODY that NOBODY knew!!

Bowles. Pray, Mr. Bayes, was not Dr. Johnson alive at this time, and twenty-five years old? He was sometimes as "*well-observing*" as others, who shall be nameless. Did HE, I wonder, never find out, or "*conjecture*"

at least, who this GREAT UNKNOWN could be, now living, when poor Johnson wanted a patron so much, just setting out in life, and drudging for booksellers!

(Noodle and Doodle shake their heads, and whisper.)

Bayes. Mr. Bowles, you are so "*particular*" a gentleman, I will inform you,—my two performers know very well who the great person was, whom Pope described; but they wish it to be kept, for very good reasons, a most PROFOUND SECRET!

Bowles. Might I ask, what these very good reasons are?

Bayes. I will tell you in private. These gentlemen wish to keep the circumstance a most profound SECRET, because, in one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, some descendants of theirs are destined to write notes on Pope. One to give a "*liberal and enlightened*" edition of his works, and the other to *review* it! in a work to be called the Quarterly Review!! And these gentlemen intend to keep the name of this illustrious patron of literature a PROFOUND SECRET, the discovery of which will be reserved for their "*enlightened*" descendants in 1825!!

Bowles. Well; but Mr. Bayes, though we cannot but admire their discretion, suppose, when the time comes, the descendants of these whispering and head-shaking gentlemen should whisper and shake their heads too, having forgotten the name of this great MR. SOMEBODY whom NOBODY knew!

Bayes. Egad, that is very true; I did not think of this. All I can say is, that the world must be content to remain in darkness, if they have no one to enlighten it, but the race of the original Noodle and Doodle!—the

one may write criticisms in the Quarterly, as *incog.* as Bufo himself, and the other be "Member of the Della "Crusca Society of Florence, . and F. R. S. and "F. R. S. L.!!"

Some *hyper*-critic, of the school of a "*particular* "*editor*" of Pope, might be absurd enough to assert, that it was "*impossible*" such a dialogue ever took place, as Bowles could "not possibly" have been "*alive*" in the *seventeenth* century; but such an objection must be thought the height of folly, for he might have been *alive*, like Bufo, *incog.* and afterwards have published his "Sentimental Sonnets!"

If Dr. Dee, the celebrated astrologer, "were alive," he would prove, by some unforeseen conjunction of planets, that these kindred spirits, Roscoe and Scriblerus, *lucida sidera*, of this "enlightened age," were born for each other! That the last editor of Pope was "*ovo* "*prognatus eodem*" with the critic; for if there were *one* man who could suppose, and write, and print, and publish, that it was "*impossible*" Bufo could be Halifax, it must require an almost miraculous planetary influence to suppose that, in the same auspicious æra, there could be another GOOSE, *ovo prognatus eodem*, to "SWALLOW "IT!" If it might be supposed that, in my "Final "Appeal," it was illiberal to think of classing the "great *merchants* of the muses" with *blockheads*, I think I might be justified, when it is considered they were blockheads enough to pay an editor very handsomely for such discoveries, and give, probably, a *bonus* to the Reviewer, who, having first "swallowed" the observations of the "well observing" Roscoe, was required to

make the gentlemen of this *enlightened* age "SWALLOW" them also!!

But after all, we may be completely deceived. Mr. Roscoe may really know more about the matter than

"We have dream'd of in our *philosophy*!"

as he pronounces, so decidedly, that "Bufo," who ever he was, MUST BE LIVING in Pope's "riper age," and he was not more than forty-five or six, when this poem was published, who knows but that Lord Halifax was not Lord Halifax in reality, but that he appeared in that character by some mysterious supernatural agency!

We are led into this idea by the mention of Dr. Dee; and might it not be supposed,—without greater improbability, than that "Bufo," the "GREAT UNKNOWN," was living in Pope's "riper age,"—that some "*Doctors*," now living somewhere in the north of England, among their other secrets, were possessed of the celebrated *Philosopher's* STONE, as well as the "Elixir Vitæ" of him at Gilead Hall; and that, by means of this elixir, through whose virtue the life of man may be so prolonged that he *need not die* till it *suits* himself, Halifax was a mere *εἰδωλον*; and that "Bufo" is yet alive somewhere in Lancashire; and that only *three* persons in the kingdom are in possession of the secret,—Dr. Solomon, the annotator on the syphilis; Dr. Solomon, of Gilead-Hall; and this Solomon, the Reviewer!

At least, I am quite sure, till we can "swallow" this, we cannot "*swallow*" *half* that Roscoe and his brother observer have so "well observed!" If so,—(there is another *if* for you,)—*if* so, by virtue of this elixir, the two Doctors Solomon of Liverpool, and the Quarterly

Reviewer, are the only persons in the three kingdoms who know any thing about the matter !

All this is, however, left to the judgment of the reader ! For myself, I do not entirely believe it, though these sages, because I have put an "IF" to it, may say they have "*shamed me*" out of the belief ! It must be then as they please ; and I leave it to the "conjecture" of the reader !!

If this should not be thought plausible, there is another solution of Mr. Roscoe's wonderful discovery, which his delight, in so elaborately dwelling on the picture of a "fiend," suggests !

The celebrated Archdeacon of St. David's has related some curious circumstances with respect to certain *hobgoblins*, who assumed characters, and for many years filled respectable stations like Lord Halifax ! One of these goblins, Giraldus gravely tells us, was for many years a most respectable and "*venerable* Archdeacon !" Every one sought his acquaintance ; and when he spoke of the "olden times"—centuries passed away, he spoke in such a manner, that it might almost be conceived he had lived and acted in the times of which he spoke ! He was one day in the presence of the Bishop and Clergy at a Visitation, relating what passed centuries before, when he inadvertently said, "That, in the times when the "Wandering Jew first set out on his travels, the " 'FIENDS' then upon earth, afraid of an impending "judgment, hid themselves, and for his part, he got into "a WELL !!" Instantly all was discovered :—the Archdeacon vanished ; and, at the *same hour*, was seen by certain travellers, (the fact being ascertained afterwards,) crossing the Alps in a *shovel hat* !

Now I know what that arch-wag Roscoe will do,—
tell me I am the “fiend” in a *shovel hat* myself! But,
I believe, it will not be thought much more improbable
that Bufo should be alive in Pope’s riper age, and never
heard of, than that a *fiend* should personate Halifax
in 1715!!

I shall add a few general observations.

Such thinkers and writers as these, are to be listened
to by the “friends of social order,” and the higher and
more cultivated classes of society!! Such “*Geese*”—

“are to
“Save the state by *cackling* to the *Tories*!!”
Dunciad.

Well might Mr. Brougham say, “that the higher
“orders wanted a *SPUR*” from the *toes* of their *inferiors*!!
Talk of the Mechanics’ Institution, when—in the face
of day, before the British public, before all the highest
and best educated classes—such miserable twaddlers
shew their face in the front of the Quarterly Review!

What will the educated classes think of such *accom-*
plished scholars, when a country “parson,”—

(Come Doctor, the king,
‘Tis a scandalous thing
Such a subject should be but a *vicar*!)—

a “resident clergyman,” whose chief care is taken up
with the concerns of his parish, can so easily put them
to shame, if *shame* they can feel—equally exposing

their "fooling," their flippancy, their *chicanery*, their ignorance, their clumsy waggery, and their malice!!

It is time the "lower orders" should kick such educated superiors from their throne!

"Proceed blest days, till knowledge fly the shore,
"When birch shall blush with noble blood no more!"

Pope.

What, can such men, and such writers, as Mr. Southey, Mr. Milman, Mr. Croker, Mr. Barrow, think? and pray what might you think, Mr. JOHN MURRAY? Come, I shall not be sorry to have *your* opinion, as a sensible man; but *one word* in your ear—let Bowles alone!—as many Reviews on "monkies," as you please; but depend upon it, as it was said in a rival Review, "THIS WON'T DO!!!"

NOTES.

It has been said (page 91) that Oxford, after Queen Anne's death, retired into Herefordshire. This is a mistake: he was sent to the Tower in 1716.

(Note, page 104.) In my Life of Pope, I attributed the first misunderstanding with Bentley, as arising from the opinion he expressed of Pope's translation of Homer; but the "*Virgilius Restauratus*" is a proof he had offended Pope, or his party, earlier. It is not likely that a ridicule on any English book should be written in *Latin*! I had applied "slashing" to Bentley's Milton, but it applies as much to his *Horace*.

A WORD ON THE CHARACTER OF
SAPPHO, AS APPLIED TO LADY
M. W. MONTAGUE.

Having now dispatched *Byfo*, and shewn that he was HALIFAX, and could be *no other*, and that mine was not a mere "conjectural interpretation," (notwithstanding what is so "well observed" by Roscoe and Scriblerus,) I should leave the plain understanding of all men of common sense to form their opinion of TIMON and SAPPHO, but I must say a word or two in regard to Sappho!

"*Chance* ALONE directed the poet to the adoption of "the name of Sappho!" sayeth Gilchrist, the "defender of calumniated worth!" Well done! this is a "conjecture" indeed! My affirmation is as good as his, or any one's; and therefore I say, "chance did not direct him:" but having written afterwards a line, concerning a lady

"With linen worthy Lady Mary!"

Epilogue to the Satires.

he thought he might afterwards turn Flavia, with her "dirty smock," into Sappho!! This is my assertion, not "*conjecture*;" for assertion is as good as assertion at any time, and I am sure mine has far more probability. I moreover say, he who could *swallow* the first assertion, could *swallow* any thing!

Warburton has let the "*cat out of the bag*," that Timon was Chandos, by a note in the first edition!

And Pope has let the "*cat out of the bag*" about Lord Hervey and Sappho! Let the reader judge: to Swift he uses these remarkable words,—“I will take care “they (the satires) shall be such, that no one can be “*angry* with them, but the PERSONS I WOULD have “ANGRY!” Only two persons were angry, therefore Lady Mary and Lord Hervey are the *two*!

Again,—“You are sensible with what decency and “justice I paid homage to the *Royal Family*, and at the “same time I SATIRIZED”—(you did, then! satirized whom?)—“false COURTIERs and *spies*!”

No other courtier took those words to himself, except Lord Hervey, and therefore Pope satirized *him*; and his denial, as in the case of Chandos, was the most dastardly “*equivocation*!”

His “fooling” (as it is most “*foolishly*” called) with Lady Mary, is admitted! Was it “fooling,” coolly to *brand* with eternal infamy the woman whom he loved, because he could not make her as “*great a fool*” as himself?

In the judgment of every honourable, manly mind, this is an eternal brand on his own heart, far *worse* than any of Scriblerus’s *fooling*; for which foolery, as I “conjecture,” and firmly believe, he was “*repulsed*” at last, as he ought to have been, with disdain! and that this was the cause of such unmanly, and ungenerous, and unappeasable vindictiveness!

I do not think it necessary at this time of day to go into all the various proofs, which could be easily adduced, that Sappho was Lady Mary, and *could be no other*! If any thinking human being can be induced to believe, by such acute “observers” as Roscoe and the

Quarterly Reviewer, that Bufo could "not possibly" be Halifax, he may believe that Sappho could "not possibly" be Lady Mary!

I shall here add some general reflections.

My *memory*, in regard to Pope's failings and virtues, has been compared to "*a sieve*," when such "*a sieve*" as this of Scriblerus, in regard to me, was never seen!

That my notes should be compared to a "*wasp's nest*" is not very extraordinary, as Scriblerus may, perhaps, remember having been a little stung; but that I should be compared to a "*bush fighter*" is extraordinary indeed, and somewhat "*inadvertent*!"

I am a "*bush-fighter*!" A "*bush-fighter*" am I? If I had written an article under covert, without a name, in a Review, and picked out, with elaborate scrutiny, every word which might be thought objectionable, taking it without the context; if, shrouded in such a covert, I had directed my missiles of lurking malice; if, equally regardless of justice, equity, candour, or truth, I had made this a rule—that, what is done "*meanly*," should be done safely too! If being under such a covert, I had shewn such anxious solicitude not to be discovered, that,—when every writer of every article, but the article on "Bowles in particular," should be well known,—the author of this should be shrouded in double secrecy, either from *shame*, or from cowardice—from *shame* that the writer of such an article, as stupid and ignorant as malignant, should be known; or from cowardice, lest the writer of "Sentimental Sonnets" should beat him back, with conscious discomfiture, as he has done Roscoe,—then let me be called a "*bush fighter*!" In the mean time, I believe, this

"*bush fighter*" will *slink* back to his *bush* like a fox to the covert, after this *mobbing*, as fast as he can; and if he is *deterré*, he will be more ashamed, with his dragged tail, than ever I was "*ashamed*" of an "if!"

I never wrote one word, to which I am *ashamed* to put my name! But let me, having put my name in front of what I write, and having never written any thing to be *afraid* or *ashamed* of, at least be exempted from the charge of "bush-fighting," till I say any thing as dark, as secret, as ignorant, and as cowardly, as the article "on Bowles in particular," in the front of the Quarterly Review for October, 1825!

I will give Scriblerus all advantage of that "*bush fighting*," and tell him,—if HE, or Coleridge, or Murray, will give me *three* pages in the same Review in which I am attacked in this "bush-fighting" way,—I will never ask his name—I will meet him; and if I do not overwhelm him, in the face of the public, may I have "been born," and die, with the *head* and *heart* of this half-doltish, half chicaning, and utterly unprincipled Quarterly Reviewer!

By way of diverting the scent, where the most studious *concealment* is resorted to, it has been given out, I am credibly informed, that the writer of this "enlightened" article does not reside in London!—is a *new* hand from the country, and this is his maiden essay! Cockney, for a ducat!

I am sure of one thing,—that no writer of common intelligence—no one, possessing any regard to truth—is concerned in its writing, or introducing it among the intelligent, enlightened, and splendid articles of the Quarterly Review!—

"Such things, we know, are neither rich nor rare;
 "But wonder how the devil they came there!"

Pope.

But in fact, notwithstanding all this mysterious concealment, I pretty well guess who may be the author of this notable piece of criticism.

My "conjecture" is this,—that it is not the critical Doctor Solomon, of Liverpool; but the real, the identical, the original *Doctor Solomon*, descending, like the God of his own *art*, to decide this contest in this new *Iliad*, (*Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus!*) in defence of the *tottering Priam*, and his *tottering cause!* seeing his brother Doctor's Frogs and Mice dispersed, and the *Wooden Achilles* not having a *foot* to stand upon, the great Doctor, from his Olympus of Gilead Hall, descends into the contest in person, "*concealed in night*," *νυκτί εοικώς*, to decide the strife,—

Βῆ δὲ κατ' οὐλύμποιο παρήνων χρώμενος κῆρ,
 Τόξ' ὁμοισιν ἔχων, ἀμφηγεφεία τε φασίτην·
 "Ἐκλαγξαν δ' ἄρ' αἰστοὶ ἐπ' ὤμων χρωμένοιοι,
 Αὐτοῦ κινθέντος· ὁ δ' ἦν ΝΥΚΤΙ ΕΟΙΚΩΣ·
 ΔΕΙΝΗ ΔΕ ΚΛΑΓΓΗ ΓΕΝΕΤ' ΑΡΥΤΡΕΟΙΟ ΒΙΟΙΟ!!

Iliad, book 1st.

The classical reader will not fail to observe the sublimity of this GREAT APOLLO in the Quarterly, descending—*νυκτί εοικώς*, *like night* itself! Whether this part of the description relate to the obscurity of his personage, involved in night, or the darkness of ideas, one circumstance cannot fail to strike him as remarkably appropriate—

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γίνεται ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο!

"Dreadful was the sound of his pewter squirt!"

The effect of which "*formidable*" instrument of attack is obvious through the whole article!

This is, as Mr. Roscoe would observe, "a FORMIDABLE ATTACK," indeed!—more "FORMIDABLE" than Pope's attack on Lady Mary! But Bowles is not much dismayed, seeing he has *done over one* Doctor, and given this dark deity in the Quarterly—as Diomed wounded Mars—a pretty good *hit* already!

As the passage, which we have adduced from Homer, may not be understood by ladies, and *some country gentlemen*, we subjoin a translation from Pope himself:

"The *favouring power* attends,
"And from Olympus' lofty top descends,
"Breathing revenge, a *SUDDEN NIGHT* he spread,
"And *GLARING DARKNESS* roll'd around his head—
"The fleet in view, he *twang'd* his deadly bow!"

The latter line, I deem, would read better—

He twang'd his vengeful *squirt*,
And Bowles lay floundering in the Doctor's *dirt*!

Sic corrige, meo periculo!—Bentley.

I shall say no more here, as I am engaged in an heroic poem on the subject, which will be published shortly, with notes and illustrations, and dedicated to William Roscoe, esq. F.R.S. and R.S.L. and Member of the Della Crusca Society of Florence!

ON THE CLANDESTINE PUBLICATION OF POPE'S LETTERS.

I intended, at large, to have shewn the *certainty* of Pope's privity to the clandestine publication of his letters; but I think I need not occupy the reader's time, except by only *cross-examining* a little Counsellor Botherum, who, arguing from the premises, that certain letters were "stolen," comes to the conclusion that all his arguments must be irrefragable, "IF they WERE 'STOLEN!'" who assumes the impossibility, that A could have any dealings with B; and yet is not able to disavow the whole of B's publication! Why, the "Wittols of Nuremburgh, who ne'er hang a *thief*—till "they catch him," are Stagirites to this transcendental wittoll!*

There is, however, one observation which I deem it necessary, most especially, to answer, as without an explanation I shall appear guilty of those very arts of disingenuousness which I have constantly reprobated in others.

I allude to the passage, in which, having quoted from

* For the arguments, which have never been answered, upon this question, I must refer to my "Final Appeal." It must be as clear as the sun to all but this *cloudy chicaner*, that "whoever is NOT ABLE TO DISAVOW "the WHOLE" of some publication, must have SOME SHARE in it!

"Out of thy own mouth will I condemn thee, thou wicked scribbler!"
Pope.

Pope's Preface to the authentic edition of his Letters, the words "I did not go to amend them," I omitted the concluding paragraph of the sentence!! This was not done from "*inadvertence*," but from an entire conviction, as the reader will perceive, that the part omitted was absolutely and totally irrelevant to the point in discussion! The point in discussion was respecting "*amendments*," for I had *proved* that the letters were carefully *amended*, both in slight expressions, and some even *re-manufactured*! But after Pope had said he would not go about to "amend them," what does he add,—"*except by omissions*," &c.!

The question was not about omissions, but "*amendments*,"—deliberate *corrections*, substitutions chiefly,—the omissions were a minor consideration. Had Pope said, "he would not go about to amend them," except by altering some expressions, or adding such AMENDMENTS, as a *careful perusal* suggested; had he said *this*, or any thing like it, I would not have omitted one syllable, for ten thousand times the sum the publisher of the Quarterly ever got by all his poets, critics, and—Quarterly Review into the bargain!!

I omitted the words, because they had not the slightest reference to "*amendments*;" and I must again turn here to my glib adversary, and tell him, he has *insidiously omitted to state* what I now tell him, and what must be obvious to every one who reads the sentence! I tell him, also, from this very passage, first, That Pope did "go about to amend them" (the letters), when he said he *did not*! and that, even with respect to *omissions*, he did not speak *truth*; for, secondly, The greatest part of what he "*omitted*" in his letters was—*not* on account

of their being improper, or, at least, immaterial "to the "public," but on account, as we have seen, of their WANT OF DECENCY!!*

On the subject of Pope's *privity* to the publication of his letters, our Reviewer tells us, "Our THEORY is, that "if Pope wished to have his letters published, he could "not have had so good an opportunity as when the "letters to Cromwell, &c. were published!!"

To which I answer, "OUR theory" is, that YOUR THEORY is a very silly one; for had he done this, we should not have had some of his most interesting, and, I will add, his most affecting, letters!

And "OUR THEORY," moreover, is—that the whole business is "FUDGE and HUMBUG" from the beginning to the end! And "OUR THEORY" is, further—that the letter, signed P. T. published in my seventh volume, was written by A. P. which is, Alexander Pope, esq; and that the mysterious R. S. his companion, who quarrelled with P. T. was A. P. again, the quarrel between these being invented by A. P., to shew how he came possessed of the whole correspondence of Curll! And this is "OUR THEORY," notwithstanding Mr. Roscoe may, perhaps, think that the letter in my seventh volume, signed P. T. was written by W. L. B. and "substituted!!"

The reader need only read attentively the *two letters*, one of which I published in the seventh volume, signed P. T., and the other letter, since printed in my "Final Appeal," signed R. S., to be convinced that both were written by Pope himself! Pope might well offer a reward, by advertisement, for the *discovery* of those thieves, whom nobody could *discover* but himself!

* Roscoe omitted, insidiously, the very words on which my defence rests.

This is "*our theory*;" and "*our theory*" is, further, that the "*advertisement*" of A. P. was as great a *fudge* as the whole history! that the "*Narrative*" which Pope withdrew, (a precious "*explanatory document*,"") was withdrawn because it would not bear the light, and "*proved a fraud and falsehood*" in its front!

And "*OUR THEORY*" is, that "*IF* the *letters* were "*stolen*,"—(this sentence is the Reviewer's, not *mine*! nor is it my "*IF*,")—"*IF* the *letters* were *stolen*," it being a *felony*, any active police officer might soon have *found out* those lurking and *Latitat sharks*, P. T. and R. S. and A. P. together, and brought them to justice; and I would bet more than I shall ever get by my writing, that "*IF*" this important "*explanatory document*" which I am now writing "*were stolen*" out of my study, the constable at Calne would find out the thief in two days, provided I was in *earnest*!

And "*OUR THEORY*" is, finally, that no *two* persons in the kingdom could be "*humbugged*" by this history, except one Member of the Della Crusca Society of Florence, and his advocate, Counsellor Botherum, of the Quarterly Review, *WHOEVER HE MAY BE*! And with this, "*OUR THEORY*," I shall conclude what I intended saying much more at large!

But let us not forget a little bit of cross-examination!

You say, Mr. Botherum, "*from this it is obvious*" that *Curl's copy*, "*IF STOLEN*!"—(Hear, hear!—*stay, stay*, (as poor old Baron Thomson used to say,) "*stay, stay*,")—"*IF stolen*!"

Then after all, Mr. Botherum, you have some doubt? Not at all!

Not at all? That is singular, when you say, "*IF*" "*stolen*!" having before concluded they *were stolen*!

"If," with us means always a direct belief! particularly *if* it is said that we do not believe! (*Hear, hear—stay, stay—silence, silence!*)

By the Court:—Whatever may be your opinion of the import of the monosyllable "*if*," Brother Botherum, every man of common sense, I believe, will think otherwise.

Let us ask you another question. You say, that Alexander Pope could not *deny* the *WHOLE* of Edmund Curll's publication!

Do you know Edmund Curll? By report.

Was he ever in the pillory? Yes.

For what crime? For *OBSCENE PUBLICATIONS!*

Did you ever read a certain Imitation of Horace, by Alexander Pope? Yes.

Could any publication of Curll's be more profligate and obscene than this? (*Hear hear! Botherum is silent!*)

Was Alexander Pope ever in pillory? (*Hear, hear—stay, stay—silence!*) No!! He was a very virtuous poet!

He was a censor of bad morals? Yes!

Was he *rich*? Yes!

Was Curll rich? No!

By the Court:—Then Pope had less excuse and temptation, and was the greater hypocrite!

What was this moral and rich poet's opinion of Curll? That he was a profligate scoundrel, particularly with regard to procuring clandestine copies of letters!

And yet Alexander Pope could not disavow the *WHOLE* of his publications. You may sit down.

[*Exit poor Roscoe, who had been listening with his "drafts!"*]

As I am told that I "*collected all my might*" to hang Mr. Roscoe on a "*dilemma*," from which his advocate has not "*got him off*," I will collect my might for *another dilemma*!—on one horn of which to hang the Member of the Della Crusca Society, and on the other Counsellor Botherum!! And my dilemma is this:—If Pope's letters, to several ladies and gentlemen, were all, as Botherum thinks, artless, unstudied *effusions*, (as the writer *declares* himself!) then what becomes of Roscoe's "*drafts*!!" On the other hand, if these letters were transcribed, *carefully*, with emendations, corrections, and "*omissions*" from drafts, then what becomes of Botherum's specimens of "*unaffected penmanship*," all *poured out* under the feelings of the moment! And here I hang both these sages, like the "*swan with two necks*," or rather the *split-crow*, for a *sign* in Albemarle-street, London!

I have a better opinion of Mr. Murray, then to suppose that, after consideration, he would not regret that in any work, which bears his name as publisher, such a monument of *twaddling* stultification should be pointed at, and stand, moreover, like that other monument sung by Pope, which,

"Like a TALL BULLY, lifts its head, and—LIES!"

I now proceed to that which is more important to myself!

ON MY "INSINUATIONS" AGAINST POPE'S
MORAL CHARACTER, WITH RESPECT
TO HIS FEMALE CONNECTIONS.

I have little doubt but that it will be acknowledged, by those who have attentively read the foregoing, that the missiles aimed at my *head* have been returned, and broken, with scorn, before the faces of my impotent assailants; but a more deadly blow, by the "*collected might*" of elaborate insinuation, and livid maliciousness, is directed to my heart!

"----- Certandum est de vitâ et sanguine!"

Virgil.

On *their* heads, then, let the condemnation fall, if, being thus insidiously traduced and pointed to as the *scape-goat* of Pope's impurities, the blow aimed at my heart recoils with double force against that "*calumniated worth*," which their own fruitless and palsied pertinacity will wound far more than I have done, or ever sought to do. The irritated scorpion stings itself!

Let me first observe, that this sneaking scribe could not possibly have done me a greater service, than by setting before me Warburton's happy quotation from old "honest Valerian!" I might reply to almost all his exaggerated and dishonest charges in the same language,—MENTIRIS, IMPUDENTISSIME!!

"Mr. Bowles in particular" has sought after the dregs of impurity! *MENTIRIS, IMPUDENTISSIME!*

How far I deserve this charge the reader has already seen. I shall here only add, that—with the exception of the stupid "Three Weeks after Marriage," which was admitted solely in consequence of my being rendered incapable (from illness at the time) of examining it—not one composition has been admitted into my edition calculated to injure Pope's fame!* Without the "Double Mistress," the Memoirs of Martin would have been incomplete; and with respect to any injury to morals, dirty as it is, it is far more *witty* than the Imitation, of which so much has been said; nor is it so *pernicious*, by ten thousand times ten thousand, as *one* Epistle of Eloisa!

The obscene Imitation of Horace has already been spoken of. I bore the blame with Warton for admitting it! I answered, I rejected it with scorn; nay, I wrote to Mr. Davies, the bookseller, with whom I corresponded, to say, that nothing should induce me to have any concern with a work in which it should appear!!

Now, mark the proof of the manly, liberal, and gentlemanly candour of such opponents!

- I am condemned, with Warton, for doing that which I should disdain myself for doing; and when I say, as I do now, *mentiris, impudentissime!* the hypocrite replies, Aye, now you take "A MERIT" to yourself in not doing it!!

* I said, in my "Appeal," that no poem was admitted into my edition more objectionable than what Pope admitted himself; but, in fact, nothing *half* so objectionable is admitted!

So, were I accused of robbery and murder, and in answer to such an accusation, should I say, disdainfully, *mentiris, impudentissime!* the answer would be, "True, 'you have not committed robbery or murder, but you 'might as well have done it, for *now* you assume 'A MERIT in not doing so!' Was there ever such impudent *stultification?*

But this liberal and amiable scribbler pretends that I had no right to impute such a flagitious insult to all decency, religion, and morals, as this Imitation, to the great moral poet, Pope! I said, "it was never denied!" It is shouted triumphantly, "as if Pope denied a hum-dredth part" (I forget the exact words) of the ribaldry *imputed* to him!

Come, I can set this to rights very shortly! You, Scriblerus, affect not to know who the author was, though Roscoe "swallows" the obscenity, delighted only with the "*wit*" of this specimen of purity and morals! Pray, Sir, what do you think of the *authority* of Pope's "GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, and FRIEND," Bolingbroke! Do you think HE KNEW?

To put it, then, beyond a doubt of future hypocritical defenders of "calumniated worth," I transcribe this passage from a letter of Bolingbroke, written not long after this "SOBER ADVICE"—this "sermon," as the author impiously calls it—was published!!

Bolingbroke, his "philosopher and guide," thus writes to Swift, in a letter, dated 1734,—“It is impossible to talk so much of ‘PHILOSOPHY,’ and forget ‘to speak of Pope,’ &c.

“The ‘DÆMON of Verse,’—(Dæmon of Verse, in deed!)—The ‘Dæmon of Verse’ sticks to him! He

"has been imitating the Satire of Horace, which begins

"Ambubaiarum collegia Pharmacopola!"

Bolingbroke to Swift.

And this poem—mark, Scriblerus—is called "Sober
"ADVICE from Horace, from his second SERMON!!"

What says this "Philosopher" further! "He (Pope)
"has chosen rather to *weaken* the IMAGES, than *hurt*
"CHASTE EARS OVERMUCH!!"

What Bolingbroke's ideas of hurting "chaste ears
"overmuch" might be, I do not enquire. It will be
enough for me now to have PROVED by whom this infam-
ous piece of profligacy was written and published. I
could always have proved, that this "Sermon" was pub-
lished by Pope! But, in my Life of Pope, I made not
so much as one observation even on its existence; and
in the notes I only slightly mentioned the supposition,
without seeking to bring it home to him *irrefragably!*
and yet "my memory," like "a sieve," retains every
thing against Pope, and nothing for him!

With "honest Valerian's" permission, I repeat again
MENTIRIS, IMPUDENTISSIME! And I shall add, that so
little do I deserve the character so infamously attributed
to me, I have "remembered," and never omitted to
speak of, in every place where the "remembrance"
could be with propriety introduced, throughout the
whole edition, Pope's most exemplary and dutiful affec-
tion to his aged mother—his undeviating tenderness of
heart and fidelity to his friends! As to retaining in my
partial remembrance every particle that could be collected
against him, I say, I did not "remember"—I did not
choose to remember—one fiftieth part of the *meanesses*;

the instances of duplicity, vindictiveness, and hypocrisy, which I could have *proved* against him!

If I did not specify his kindness to Savage, I spoke willingly of his general benevolence; but I omitted, purposely, to speak of his cold neglect of Jortin, who was employed on the notes to Homer,—of his engaging with Broome in the *Odyssey*, and holding him up to ridicule in the *Bathos*,—of his speaking with regret of having published the satire on Addison in the *Miscellanies*, and publishing it again where it would remain for ever! Meannesses without number I have avoided to record, and such are the thanks I have received; I therefore repeat again, *mentiris, impudentissime!*

The lines on “leaving London” were retained, because, some stanzas excepted, it was a beautiful composition. I spoke of this before; but I did not say, that, in leaving out what was objectionable, I took care not to say a syllable even of the *existence* of indecencies. I expunged the most offensive passages, and retained the rest: the stanzas on Gay and Halifax were beautiful, particularly that on Halifax, whom he satirized at the same time! Therefore again, *mentiris, impudentissime!*

There is only one composition among the poems admitted, that might be objected to, the ballad to the “fair ladies,” Lepell and Bellenden! It was retained, as being an elegant and characteristic trifle: there is *one*, and only *one* expression—*haud castis ocribus dignum!* Of this I was utterly unconscious at the time, and I believe it may be read, *innocently*, by half the world among mankind, and by all the world among women, except some “very curious ladies,” instructed by such a man, if there ever was or will be such again, as Pope!!

There is no poem, with even an objectionable expression, admitted, beside these, in my edition; and *not one* pernicious to morals, as many are which are given in every edition. The lines on Lady Mary are as affecting and pathetic as any lines Pope ever wrote; the "FRAGMENT OF THE SATIRE," of most curious interest; and Gay's "WELCOME FROM GREECE," most exquisite!

Now, who must not feel the manliest disdain for those who make such a cluster about one poet's being made *decent* for company, who took no care to make himself so!

Before I proceed, I must earnestly beg the reader to make a distinction between what, in my Life of Pope, I *did* say, and what, having been insulted, and traduced, and *goaded*, I now feel *compelled* to say.

When I wrote the Life of Pope, I considered his character entrusted to me; and though truth obliged me not to conceal his manifest faults, visible through all his *published* writings, yet I thought it equally my duty, instead of exaggerating them, to seek on *every* side for grounds of extenuation!

To prove this, with respect to his indecencies in correspondence with ladies, I attributed the cause to the manners of the age in which he lived, so remote from the delicacy of the present.

When I found an obscene copy of verses in a postscript to a letter, addressed to the lovely Teresa Blount, I expressly said, "I was willing to believe this postscript was not sent to the young lady; but kept for the '*secretiora consilia*'"—(Life of Pope)—of that libertine, old Beau Cromwell, Pope's early confidant and associate! Having spoken of his defects, I pleaded, in excuse, his imperfect education, his helpless infancy,

his idolised youth, and his life, a long disease! But the case is widely different, when now Pope is to stand clear, and pollution is boldly and lyingly attributed to the "filth of my fancy!"

As obscenity could not be entirely denied, let us here pause a moment to remark how this canting Sophister, by inverting his moral tube, can turn mole-hills into mountains on *one side*, and mountains into mole-hills on the other! How he can turn against me "a *mixture* of gallantry, friendship, and licentiousness,"—a connection "*not so pure and innocent as Ruffhead imagined*,"—a connection, at an age in which there was "NO GREAT DANGER OF A FALSE STEP,"—into "a LIFE OF SYSTEMATICAL LICENTIOUSNESS,"—while a thousand indecencies to ladies, from youth to age, while the most licentious poems that ever insulted morality and decency, by a man calling himself an *ethical* poet, published when he was between forty and fifty years old,—are turned "into a FEW loose THINGS," which young Master Pope, after the example of the wits of Charles II., being of very "precocious talents, SOMETIMES LET FALL!"

"Pope himself has truly said," (quoth this able and amiable defender,) "a *few loose things sometimes fall from* "men of wit, by which censorious fools judge as ill of "them as they possibly can, for their *own comfort*!"

What comfort "*any fool*" can have, in "*judging ill of these things*," I know not; but I know, every man of virtue, or of *sense*, must judge "ill of them;" and if fools judge ill of them, also, they are not *such fools*, as, for their *comfort*, other "*censorious fools*" would try to make them appear!

"To be sure," as the Reviewer ingenuously confesses, "some of the moral poet's writings are licentious!"—"a FEW LOOSE THINGS" *did*—some how or other—"SOMETIMES FALL from him!") "It is the misfortune," saith the *moral* critic, over the infirmities of our nature,—

("Ah! sinful man,

"Ah! sinful man, do all he can!")—

"It is the misfortune of precocious talent to be urged into action during the ebullition of youthful passions, and Pope's *youth* was passed in an age which was not refined from the vices of Charles II.'s court!"

Good luck! but Addison lived nearer these licentious times, and where is there a *stain* in all his writings; and Cowley nearer still, whose warmest descriptions, on such a subject as "the Mistress," contain no licentiousness like that which, "*sometimes*," the great wit and moral castigator of the age "*let fall*," for the comfort of "censorious fools!"* And Waller, the celebrator of the most beautiful and accomplished females of the age; is equally remote from such grossness, though much nearer the times of the "*second Charles*!" Nor did *Swift*, gross as he was, ever write obscenity to the woman he loved, or any woman!!

As for the "ebullition of youthful passions," one "ebullition of youthful passion" was published; as I have said before, when the author was between forty and fifty years of age; and the Double Mistress, which I, "in "*particular*," have been so wicked as to rake up from

* Cowley lived seven years after Charles II. was restored, when the kingdom was drunk with dissipation.

oblivion, was published in the year 1740, either by Pope or Warburton, five years before this "*precocious youth's*" death!!

Mr. Bowles thinks, at all events, he has done this "*precocious*" moralist no wrong. Mr. Bowles is conscious of no disingenuous arts; but if he was, he should yield the palm to such a defender of "*precocious*" licentiousness!

I now come to my uncharitable "*insinuations*" respecting Pope's conduct to the Misses Blount, &c.!

Speaking of Pope's letters to the two sisters, it is sighingly said, "EVEN MR. BOWLES will hardly suggest the *depravity of two sisters carrying on an intrigue with the same man, at the same time!!*"

This is exactly *à la rape!* When did Mr. Bowles suggest any thing about the "*depravity of two sisters carrying on an intrigue with one man at the same time!!*" Certainly, "*even* Mr. Bowles will not "*suggest*" this, though the "*foul fancy*" of this insulter of common sense and decency seems ready enough to suggest it for him!

Mr. Bowles will not "*suggest*" any thing about two sisters carrying on an intrigue; but Mr. Bowles will do more than "*suggest*"—(being thus insulted and defied)—he will assert that "*one man,*" at "*the same time,*" wrote such indecencies to *two sisters, as no one man, in the most depraved period of history, in the court of Charles,*

would have written to a professed and abandoned prostitute! Mr. Bowles does not "suggest" this; but, insulted and defied, affirms it boldly and fearlessly; and he does not hesitate to say, that any "*one man*," in the whole world, *capable* of such contamination of young and unsuspecting females, in a family where he was admitted as an honourable inmate, ought to be shunned as a pest!

This is what Mr. Bowles does not "insinuate," but assert fearlessly; and he, moreover, thinks he does that *one man*, *capable* of thus acting to *two sisters* at once, no injustice, if he might "almost suspect him of a little gallantry" to any young female, of any family into which he is admitted; particularly as in the case of Elizabeth Digby, whom he says, he "had almost robbed of her good name!" Further, Mr. Bowles thinks that any "*one man*" in the world, *capable* of writing *indecently* to *two sisters*, at one and the same time, may be "almost suspected of a little gallantry," without much injury, even if the brother was *ill*! But it happens, in this case, the brother was alive and well! It was ~~THREE~~ YEARS afterwards, the sister wrote to Pope on his illness! The "foul fancies" of such Reviewers turn "gallantry" into *sensuality*; and this is followed up by a liberal comment, founded on a DARING falsehood!*

And now let us observe on the Reviewer's colourings of this "*one man's*" professing love to "*two sisters*" at once! A prettier piece of Jesuistical sophistry than the following, I think was never seen: "In such an inter-

* As if, when I "almost suspected the bard of a little gallantry," it was at the time when the brother was dying! How villainous!

"course," (*professing love for two sisters at once, and writing obscenity to both, which can be proved, and, therefore, is no "insinuation,"*) "it is reasonable to suppose" (very reasonable!) "that his affection for one or the other sister would *preponderate*, as either for a time might seem less engaged by other ties, or more attached, or more congenial, to him!" So argues this licentious driveller.

I should like, though no craniologist, to analyze the pericranium of him who could pen this delicious piece of chicanery. Let us try to analyse it a little!

Here is a man of morals, caressed in the bosom of an interesting and amiable and *unsuspecting* family, writing *amorously*, and sometimes most *obscenely*, to two "handsome" and "amiable" young ladies!—(writing "*obscenely*," I should hope without the "*sanction*" of "*brother*" or "*mother!*") This intimacy, which, we are told, was "*sanctioned*" by the approbation of mother and brother, (*quere*, whether the obscenities were sanctioned?) was of the "*most interesting* and affectionate "*kind!*" that is, that loving *one*, he should veer about to the other, and then to the first again, and then to the other, like the weather-cock on Madam Blount's house!

Teresa was his *first love*, and to her Pope wrote his verses on a "*young lady leaving town*," with a conclusion too *infamous* for publication! and such language to a "*handsome, amiable, and accomplished young woman*," we are to suppose had the *mother's* approbation!*

This amiable and handsome young lady was not to

* "FOR!" cries Madam Teresa!" says Pope, in one of his letters to Martha; and "FOR!" might the indignant reader reply to such despicable casuistry!

be caught with chaff! It appears from many passages that *she had been offended*. I will not "conjecture" the cause, as "proof"—"proof" would be demanded; but there is proof enough she "was offended," and I am sure she had reason!

Now this affectionate intercourse between Martha and Teresa runs in an united stream; now it diverges entirely to Martha, because one James Moore, Teresa's Alexis, "*cut him out*," as they say, in Somersetshire, and Martha was more *complacent*!

Thus, indeed, "it is *reasonable* to suppose," as these sapient sages, Roscoe and Co., conjecture, "that his "affection for *one* or the *other* sister" (such *affection*, I believe, was never heard of) "would *preponderate*, as "*either, for a time, might seem*"—(I like that "*seem*!")—"less engaged by other ties! or more attached, or more "congenial, to him!"

Was ever such worse than foolery heard of before, and this in front of the Quarterly Review!

I shall make no further comment on the nature of so *Jesuitical* a colouring of this "affectionate intercourse," which had the *approbation* of mamma, according to this doltish hypocrite! But I shall take leave to add another "if!" "If" mamma had any regard for her daughter's happiness or morals,—"*if*" mamma, good old lady, had read some of the notes or verses, which are "*not in the "British Museum!"*"—"if" mamma had the high and noble feelings of an English religious matron,—she would not have trusted this "affectionate" young gentleman with her "handsome and amiable" daughters for the world! But I rather think there was no mother in the way, as Pope speaks of Teresa going into the

country to "*old-fashioned aunts!*" After the battle of Preston Pans, the brother was in exile, on account of his politics!!

Now, Sir, I leave your *artful Jesuistical* colouring to the comment of every *mother*, whose honest simplicity may have been imposed upon by an obscene *hypocrite!*

I hope you will think I have spoken plainly now; and I think, on a review of this man's life, and comments on his character, I was only *too candid*, instead of deserving to be arraigned for want of candour!

Let any man, with the heart of a man, look at the countenance of Teresa Blount, in the 7th volume of my edition, and then think of him who could offer a word of contamination to such loveliness!!

THREE NOTES are especially selected, with the avowed purpose of exciting an impression against me, that whatever obscenity or licentious feelings might be imputed to Pope, such imputations had their rise in my imagination, rather than in any thing which could be adduced to justify them! The *three notes* selected, I have no doubt with some care and delighted feelings, are, first,—that, having said, "it has been observed," that a note from Teresa and Martha Blount "was short but much to the purpose!" it is triumphantly asked, by whom was it ever "*observed*," except myself? That I intended to convey an idea of a criminal correspondence between the ladies and the bard, when I said "it has been observed that the note was short, but to the purpose,"—which note conveys a declaration, "on the part of the ladies, that they would retire with him, in case of company, to any other room,"—I explicitly deny! At nearly twenty years distance I can-

not exactly say who made the *observation*; but I can say the observation implies nothing "to the *purpose*," to which the active imagination of the Reviewer would wrest it, and would be unworthy notice, but for this "*insinuation!*"

Had the observation been my own, I should not hesitate to avow it; and had the observation been made with the intention of exciting a particular impression, I should have published an *answer* to a short note from the same ladies, "NOT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM," but which is extant, which many have seen besides me, and which would shew at least, the *feelings* of one of the parties!* This one note, therefore, I must leave to the reader's candour! I have spoken of the note on Elizabeth Digby. The *third* regards "a *very curious lady!*"

"A *very curious*" lady is spoken of by Pope, as wishing to ask Swift some particular questions, relative to something in a late publication by him! I thought—as the fifth volume of *Miscellanies* just before this time came out at Dublin, which contained the *Lady's Dressing-Room, &c.*—that "this *VERY CURIOUS LADY*, might "have wished to ask some questions about these particular poems!" This "*is the filth of my own fancy.*" I am told!!

My answer will be "to the *purpose*," I hope! My answer is this:—first, I should not have thought it of any "*lady in the whole word*," except of *one* domesticating with this *pure* bard, and fully instructed by him, and whom he calls "*VERY CURIOUS!*"

The "*filth of my own fancy!*" These are *hard words* applied to "a resident clergyman," to a writer of

* I shall speak more particularly of this note at the end.

sermons, and—in the disdainful phraseology of a “*liberal*” critic—a *writer*, also, of “sentimental sonnets!” These are somewhat *hard words* to be applied, before the public, to any gentleman of respectability; and particularly to one, who, as an author, through a long period, from youth to (I hope I may add, not unhonoured) age, never wrote one word in prose or verse, which “*dying, he would wish to blot!*” These are, indeed, *hard words*, when it is further considered, as I hope it will be by the virtuous, impartial, and just, and charitable, that they are attempted to be flung in my face, in defence of one, who, by the writer’s own shewing, felt a coward’s qualm when death stared him in the face, and not before, for the talents he had so often employed in scattering impurities, and exciting voluptuous and depraved passions till the last days of his life! But, I trust, the spirit which directed this foul blow will be appreciated as it deserves!

In defence of myself, for having admitted this apparently uncharitable comment on the “*curious lady*,” I shall say now, as I *thought* then, that the *comment was deserved!* When it was written, I was much younger; it was written from the conviction of its justice. Whether on a revisal I should now retain it, I do not say. But I will say, that I am as much convinced of its justice now, as I was when I wrote it!

But Scriblerus, and his foiled *junto*, will triumphantly retort, that no mind, except a mind so prejudiced as mine against Pope, would have entertained a thought so derogatory of female purity, and of the female purity “in particular” of such “*a very curious lady*” as domesticated with so very *pure a bard!*

Do not be too hasty! Whatever "filth" may peculiarly belong to "my fancy," I may at least have some to bear me company, as I had the *solamen miseris* of companionship in folly with Dr. Johnson.

Let the reader reflect on the highest character that now sheds its glory on the living world of literature. Let him reflect—not, on here and there a spot of loveliness in the creations of poetry, but the exuberance and richness of a thousand beautiful creations, second only to those illumined by the magic touch of Shakespeare.

Let him think of the forms of female character, as lovely, and yet as separately distinguished, as Ophelia, Desdemona, Imogen, and Miranda! Let him reflect on the following lines, so truly affecting,—lines which shew, indeed, the human heart in its purest and tenderest character. Let him think of a father; let him think of a child, whose lucid soul no stain of human impurity ever sullied! Let him repeat,

"Oh! if there be a *human* tear,

"From passion's dregs refined and clear;

"A tear,—so limpid and so meek,

"It would not stain an ANGEL'S CHEEK,—

"'Tis that, which pious fathers shed

"Upon a dutious daughter's head!"

When the reader has reflected on this affecting picture, let him reflect on whom "the filth of fancy," if I deserve such distinction for my comment on the "*very curious Lady*," may also be thrown!—on SIR WALTER SCOTT!! Yes, Sir Walter Scott! Sir Walter Scott, no doubt from deliberate conviction of its probable truth, has admitted, into his notes on Swift, not only the opinion of Pope's artful fabrication of his letter-scheme, but this

VERY NOTE, this identical comment, on this "very curious
"Lady," in Bowles's own words, on which the critic had
thought, with "collected might," to fling the filth of
his own foul fancy on Bowles alone!

Bowles, therefore, does not think this "filth" will
stick long on him, however delighted the pettyfogging
mind must be, that gratified its malignity by flinging
it; when Bowles shares the "filth" of such obloquy in
common with a Critic, the most intelligent, and judicious,
and candid, of the age; with a Poet, of the most rich
and exquisite fancy; with a Gentleman, of the most
engaging manners and morals; and with a Man, of the
purest and most virtuous heart!

In the buoyancy of life and spirits, a young man of
genius—in the cockney jargon of Scriblerus, of "*pro-*
"*cocity*" of talents—may, without pleading the example
of the reign of Charles II., have described, too far,

"The thoughts that breathe,
"In words that burn;"

But who would remember this with too harsh censure,
(however we might lament the effects,) when a life of
conjugal and parental tenderness succeeds—of which we
have one living example?

Let any one read what Mr. Moore has said on this
subject, in his Life of Sheridan; and if he visit a young
and unguarded poet with harsh censure, and unfeeling
asperity,—why, *then*, he must have far *LESS candour* than
Bowles!

I am no censor, no hypocrite, no severe judge of the
errors of early life,—no inspector, or puritanical inqui-
sitor, of consciences; but I declare—on being thus pressed,

and scrutinized, and insulted—that, with every allowance for human frailty, it is my firm conviction that the example of him, whose “calumniated worth” a hopeless attempt has been made to bolster up, in *one* respect, stands alone, isolated, anomalous, and *sui generis*, in the history of the corruption and depravities of the human heart; for I do not believe, however the best may acknowledge infirmities, indiscretions, or offences, that there ever existed any other person in the world so depraved and polluted, as, in cold blood, to address rank obscenities to a woman, the object of his professed affection and respect, and to *two* sisters “at the same time!”

I have now given a plain answer to the three most insidious and malignant observations in this article. I have only to add,—“wait a little, Gentlemen,”—some few years, and I shall be out of hearing! You may,—such of you as are younger,—*bespatter* and abuse Bowles, then, as much as you please. I shall not be able to answer; but I “bate not a jot of heart,” for I firmly believe, when I am no more, some generous manly mind will be found to do me justice; and that I shall have every amiable and uncorrupted female in the kingdom (who has any knowledge of the subject) on my side, since, whatever feelings in writing this man’s life I could not entirely suppress,—of which I am not conscious,—they arose from the circumstance, that, to young and virtuous women, he only, of all the men in the world, was capable of using language that

“took the rose

“From the fair forehead of a virtuous love,

“And left a blister there!!”

He only, of all created men upon earth, with cruel and unmanly vindictiveness, could cast aspersions on the fame of the female whom he once adored, leaving an everlasting record of his own shame in the couplet, that is remembered, whenever the name of Mary Wortley Montague is mentioned. He only, of all mankind, and he professing loftier *morals*, was capable of writing obscenity to *two* uncorrupted amiable young women at the same time! And instead of retracting one word of what I said, in the spirit of sincere charity, I think I ought to ask pardon of God and man for not branding the hypocrite as he deserved, as I thus brand his sophistical, drivelling, hypocritical, defenders!

CONCLUSION AND SUMMARY.

I have now, I trust it will be thought, effectually vindicated myself from the charges which have been so often advanced, and as often repelled.

My present assailant has taken his position on some new grounds, but I have fairly met him on all.

My "cumulative proofs," in his conceited jargon, will not be easily overturned, that Bufo was Halifax, and could be no other, though "*Halifax died in 1715!*"

It will have been observed, that in looking at the portrait of Bufo, as drawn by Pope, and applied to Ha-

lifax, every *line*, and almost *every word* in every line, has been accounted for, as applicable to Halifax, and to him only.

But, I verily believe, taking the lines and every single expression from the beginning to the end of the description, I could even now *double* the *proofs* !

First, "*puff*"d by every quill." It might be said, that, except Swift and Pope, *EVERY* contemporary bard offered some praise of some sort. "*Puff*"d," because the *dedications* were not of a common strain, but the most high-flown and fulsome flattery, as may be seen by the specimens we have given !

"Fed with *soft* dedications all day long,"

The second line in the *Town and Country Mouse* is,

"Fed on *soft* cheese," &c.

As Halifax was called *Mouse-Montague* on account of this poem, who knows but that Roscoe may one day be called *Frog-Roscoe*, on account of his poetical criticism !

"And a true Pindar stood without a head,"

Alluding in particular to that ode of Halifax, on the marriage of the Princess Anne. Addison thus laudeth its irregular or *Pindaric* numbers,

"How negligently graceful he unreins

"His verse."

"Who first his *judgment* ask'd, and then a *place*,"

Pope read the first books of his *Homer* to Halifax. He found fault with some expressions; Pope mentioned it to Garth: "Tell him," says Garth, "you have altered 'the lines according to his suggestion !'" The lines were not altered; but again shewn to Halifax, as if they had been altered, when he expressed himself

delighted with the improvement? there cannot be a stronger proof of his desire to have his "*judgment asked*;" and afterwards he absolutely wrote to Pope, to say he intended to give him "a place!" See Pope's letter to him, and Johnson's observations on the subject.

"*Dry rehearsal!*" The speakers in the Two Mice are those in "the Rehearsal"—Bayes, Johnson, and Smith; and it is written in the same style! "DRY "REHEARSAL!" because a copy of this "REHEARSAL" was given, unaccompanied by other good things!

This circumstance alone is enough to fix the character.

"Paid in *kind!*" with his own verses! The two Mice, This dialogue, in the manner of the "Rehearsal," with the very same persons, was written conjointly by Halifax and Prior!*

"Help'd to *starve!*" This could not be said of any one in the age except Halifax. Halifax's patronage was, as we have seen, of the most extensive description, but it was not merely *denied* to Dryden. In his own poems Lord Halifax expressly excludes Dryden, from the task and office of celebrating a great public event, among all the poets, because "*he had no heart!*"

This portrait of Bufo was drawn by Pope, probably, at that period, when, publicly and privately, he felt the greatest mortification. When the quarrel with Addison, Montague's particular friend, was exasperated; when Halifax was "full-blown," by being installed Knight of the Order of the Garter, and when Windsor became, according to this loyal bard's description,

* I never read the City and Country Mouse, till it was procured for me by Mr. Upham, of Bath, the most courteous of Bibliopoli, and one of the most excellent of men.

the "*sink and colluvies of human greatness*," by the residence of George I. in the year when Halifax died, 1715!

Perhaps Roscoe might exult in saying he never asserted, *totidem verbis*, that Bufo was "alive when this satire was published," but "living in Pope's riper age!" So Curll said, he was never tossed in a blanket, but in a *rug*! However, it is quite enough for me, that he has so "*well observed*" (to which "*observation*" Doodle so blithely responds) that "Bufo was living in "Pope's riper age," when Pope had been "be-rhym'd "so long!!" This must have been when this satire was published!*

"At *rehearsals sweat*!" We have better authority than that of Mrs. Porter, the actress, that the lines in the Prologue to the Satires,† "at rehearsals sweat," alluded to Addison, for Pope himself, in a letter to Trumbull, says, when Cato was acted, 1713, Addison "*sweated*" behind the scenes!

That Timon was intended for Chandos, I believe there is not, and never will be among sensible men, a doubt: but it was not necessary to go into the examination minutely as upon this point. Mr. Roscoe might as well assert—for he has brought *no proofs*—that the squint-eyed gentleman with the cap of liberty, in Hogarth's caricature, was not intended for Johnny Wilkes, as that TIMON was not intended for CHANDOS!

* He was now not more than forty-five or forty-six at farthest.

† Pope spoke with respect of Blackmore in 1714; but it does not follow that he did not satirize him with Phillips, placing the simple and fustian poet together in this prologue. He had written three epic poems, before the death of Halifax.

The musical establishment at the chapel, where Handel presided, the arable land turned into parterres, and many other minute circumstances, could be applied only to Chandós, and to no other nobleman living in the same style of ostentatious hospitality!

Pope says himself on another occasion, "he did not lie, but *equivocated pretty genteelly*!" and "pretty *genteelly*" did he equivocate about this circumstance. Nevertheless, in the face of all these "*genteel equivocations*," Warburton, his confidential editor, with the utmost *naïveté*, assures us, in a note on "Timon's Villa," "if the poet had lived three years longer, he would have seen what he had prophesied exactly come to pass!" To explain this, I must refer to Pope's works. Speaking of the arable land, at Timon's villa, having been turned into "parterres," he says,—(the description, in its *poetical* dress, being turned into *plain prose*,)—"after a few years, the *parterres* shall be turned into corn lands again!"—

"Deep harvests bury all his pride had plann'd,

"And LAUGHING CERES re-assume the land!"

And lo! Warburton, like the "unfortunate Archdeacon," wrapt in the contemplation that his friend's prophecy literally took place, cries out "Aye, just so it happened, *three* years after, at Cannons," the "parterres" were turned into *arable* again,—thus betraying his friend, as completely as the hobgoblin Archdeacon betrayed himself!!

So I will say of Timon, though a *very few* persons, not much conversant with Pope's character and works, may be persuaded, as long as Roscoe's edition is in the

market, that Pope, innocent satirist, never contemplated in Timon's villa, or in Timon, Cannons and Chandos, a very few years will undeceive them; another editor, as well informed as Sir Walter Scott, &c. will set all to rights again!—

Such stuff shall vanish in another age,

And "LAUGHING CHANDOS RE-ASSUME THE PAGE!"

Respecting the clandestine publication of Pope's letters, with Pope's privity, not one argument in my "Final Appeal" has been met. Not one argument has been advanced to disprove the fact, except Roscoe's "drafts" may be called arguments, which are too absurd for the Reviewer to defend! This question, also, after what has been said, may be left to the plain understanding of all readers, except very "*indolent*" ones indeed!

The poetical question is no longer disputed.* As to the moral character, the wonder with me is, that those who thus vainly labour to *white-wash* the inherent stains of his mind, do not describe Pope in person as "a marvellous proper man,"—a Sergeant Kite,—or like one

* The reader will observe, at the passage in the letter to Mr. Roscoe, relating to a "*resident* Clergyman," the words "more degrading," printed as a quotation, with inverted commas. It is so printed, not because Mr. Roscoe had spoken of a "Resident Clergyman" as "degraded," but the inverted commas were used merely in reference to his having said I had "*degraded*" the poetical character of Pope: I have as much degraded one, as he has *the other*! In poetical criticism, Mr. Roscoe could see plainly enough that one poet could write better on a *green* cheese than another could on the *moon*; but beyond this he could not see or perceive that Homer, or Shakespeare, could have done nothing towards achieving their eternal rank in poetry without adequate subjects, which are—eternal nature, and *passions* of the heart.

of the King of Prussia's dragoons! The one picture is not more preposterous than the other.*

The three particular notes brought forward, with a kind of chuckling malignity, I am most glad of an opportunity of explaining, and for this I thank my *enemies*!

I have before spoken of these notes, as written *unguardedly*!

BUT I HERE RETRACT THIS PLEA; and so far from expunging them, if I had the power, (except, perhaps, the one of which I cannot now recollect the origin,) I heartily wish every sentence in every comment of mine were "sifted" as much as these have been. I confine myself to those notes, which are supposed to bear hardest on Pope's character,—to the other criticisms, even this adversary bears *reluctant* testimony!

An explanation may be necessary respecting what I said about the Letters. I allude to a quotation from the Quarterly Review, in which Pope is spoken of as "not being able to disavow the WHOLE of Curll's "publication!"

Stupidity, and low *chicanery*, contend for mastery in this precious composition! The strict meaning of the Reviewer's sentence being taken, the conclusion must be

* The following anecdote is told of the "wits," as they called themselves. In order to prove the *vanity* of Sir Godfrey Kneller, they agreed to ask him, whether he did not think he could have made the world rather better than it is, had he been the maker of it. The story has been recorded by themselves, that he replied, without hesitation, that he thought "*he could have made it better!!!*" So the story has been told by the *wits*; but the real fact, so far from proving Sir Godfrey's inordinate vanity, proved that he was the greater "wit" of the party. Pope was to ask the question. Sir Godfrey, surveying the interrogator from head to foot, immediately answered, "Fore gad, I think dat *dare* "are some leattle tings in the world I could have made better!"

that which I have drawn! If, by a ready quibble, it is pretended that the *contents* of a publication, not the publication itself, were intended, then Pope was not able to disavow any part of the PUBLICATION, except one or two letters, inserted in Curll's edition, and not in Pope's own!*

The same low chicanery runs through the whole article. Pope's letters *must* have been obtained *honourably*, or furnished *privily*, or *stolen*, there is no *middle* ground; and yet Pope dares not say so, openly, in his authentic preface; and where the Reviewer's whole argument is grounded on it, he slides off with the sneaking "if stolen!"†

* Though a few unappeasable dunces, in reviews and magazines, sling the "filth of their own fancies," I am satisfied the sober sense and unbiassed feelings of the great, and sensible majority of English readers are on my side. That which appears so "UNACCOUNTABLE" to this malicious driveller, might easily be accounted for, if he had consulted two things—an honest heart, and a plain understanding;—the first would have made him sensible of those defects which are visible in Pope's character, through every part of his published writings; and the second would have saved him from this exposure of his jesuitical comments, at the expense of him whom he defends; and a little of both would have saved himself from "that comfort which Pope gives, not to fools only, but knaves," and equally saved me from the trouble of making his folly recoil on himself.

† I disdained to argue on to the tenth-repeated nonsense of the charge brought against me, for using the words "if true." The reader may see the very same words, if he thinks it worth while to look, used in the very same sense, in Kippis's Defence of Addison!! Kippis is the warmest advocate of Addison; yet he says, such a story, if true, was atrocious, without any guard at all; whereas I guarded mine twice out of three times; and this sensitive chicaner thinks it was intended to make an impression against Pope, though the reader had only to turn over a few pages, and before he could put down the poem, must see the antidote! What super-human stultification!

I regret that I have been obliged to be harder on Mr. Roscoe, than I could have wished. Much has been expunged, as the Printer knows, rather than give him unnecessary pain, though he so charlishly replied to my expressions of respect before.

The LESSON he has now received, he has gratuitously drawn on himself. I believe, sincerely, his object was to defend what he conceived "calumniated worth;" and he undertook the task, warm from his studies of Gilchrist; and formed an equally erroneous opinion both of my understanding and disposition, and I hope, also, forgot for a moment his own.

The few years I may have to live, I trust at last may be passed peaceably, as I am sure it will be charitably; towards him and all men. Nor shall I reply again, unless my moral character be assailed! With friends, such as fall to the lot of few to possess,—cultivating literature as an amusement, not pursuit,—occupied in professional studies, and the concerns of a large parish,—engaged in the more active services of a county magistrate,—warned, moreover, by stealing time, which every day gives that lesson double force, "seek peace, and ensue it;"—I have little leisure for these chidings, and less inclination; but being assailed, I trust I know how to bear myself towards generous adversaries; to give a proper "lesson in criticism" to a *testy* but *tasteless* old gentleman; and how to *spurn* a cowardly, "*bush-fighting* cur!"*

* What I have written, I have been obliged to write hastily, and therefore some verbal errors may be excused. Nor, having repelled the charges that affect me most, shall I waste my time, and that of my readers, on minor points, such as, whether Pope was a jacobite or not, &c.

Among those who have distinguished themselves in this warfare, our Scriblérus has mentioned the names of Byron, Campbell, and, of all men in the world, Mr. Southey!!

Roscoe had joined together—*tigrem, ovibus*—Lord Byron, Mr. Campbell, and—Octavius Gilchrist. But how Mr. Southey and Lord Byron became placed together on the same stage, as distinguished in this contest, and, I suppose, in *opposition* to me, is astonishing indeed! Whether we regard his school of poetry,—Milton, Spencer, and Nature,—his purity of heart, and dignity of morals,—if ever there was one man more removed from the school of Pope than another, it is Mr. Southey! With respect to his school of poetry, I should think there might have been some little debate at headquarters about an article, written, it is understood, by Mr. Southey, in direct opposition to some of their *arch-cockney* sentiments!* I have also some reason for believing, that, when he spoke with respect and kindness of myself, the pen was drawn over part of the sentence.

* Neither Mr. Coleridge, nor any educated man, could have been concerned in this article. Coleridge, probably, is in the back ground, contented with "eating his pudding, and holding his tongue:" he may not know even the writer's name, but,—JOHN MURRAY does! "WE," this Corinthian scribe informs us, "we" have borne testimony to the poets of the age!! Bless us! "We" have borne testimony to the facetious "wags" of Monomopata, published by John Murray; but I *guess* (as Jonathan says) "we" should not have borne testimony to these marvellous wags, if this important work had been published by Longman and Co.; and "we" have expatiated on the genius and lofty poetry of the "Paradise of *Coquets*," and some other poetical works, of as lofty a character, for which I believe we have paid!! It is quite enough for such humbler versifiers as *ourselves* to escape insult! but how many living poets of distinguished genius are there, whose names have never been heard of in the pages of the Quarterly!

Mr. Southey has told us of the "Satanic school of poetry;" I think I have exposed some specimens of the *satanic* school of *criticism*, if the most atrocious falsehoods and wilful distortions may be so called. Of the *Noodleisms* and *Doodleisms* I say nothing; but as an insidious and malicious attempt has been made to injure me in the opinion of every honourable mind, I conclude all I have here said with the last quotation of "HONEST FATHER VALERIAN," which my enemy has kindly set before me:

"TO MY AUTHORSHIP THEY ARE HEARTILY WELCOME. BUT, IF ANY OF THEM HAVE BEEN SO ABANDONED BY TRUTH, AS TO ATTACK MY MORAL CHARACTER, IN ANY RESPECT WHATSOEVER, TO ALL AND EVERY ONE OF THESE, I GIVE THE LIE IN FORM, AND IN THE WORDS OF HONEST FATHER VALERIAN—MENTIRIS, IMPUDENTISSIME!! P"

(Quarterly Review, page 273.)

Epilogue.

HAVING now finished my labours, and, I believe, *floored* both Roscoe and his "bush-fighting" bottle-holder, I would say, with Bayes,

"And now let us have a dance."

A little *fiddling* after *fighting*, at least, may be allowed, to put us in good humour; for, in the words of Mr. Brougham, I think I might add, also,

"We can afford to be *good-humoured*."

I shall not *play* "Tweed-side," or "Maggie Lauder," though I shall wish, on this occasion, to get in that quarter "A HEARING," and I would even *lilt*,

"'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town,"

If I could get bonnie Lockhart to come out to hear such soft strains and "*sentimental sonnets*," however—and even that sonnet,

"Oh Tweed, a *stranger*," &c.

sung in my younger days; or that other sonnet, which, before my friend Christopher had existence, began with

"O NORTH, as thy romantic views I leave;"

all these I leave for a smack of the *satiric* kind; that the next pamphlet Roscoe writes, which I shall never read, he might add to my title of "writer of *sentimental sonnets*," write of a *bit* of satire.

The reader has seen some *specimens* of this kind. I shall here give him, into the *bargain*, for his money laid out in th

purchase of these LESSONS ON CRITICISM, a few lines from the beginning of my great Heroic Poem, to be called "Critics, Bards, Booksellers, and Blockheads, of this enlightened æra,—the *Critico-Poetico-Bibliopolo-Blockheado—Spirits of the Age!*" a Poem, by W. L. B.

BARD AND FRIEND.

B. My poem finish'd, many a night and day,
Retouch'd, and polished, why should I delay
To publish it.

F. To publish it? but how?—

B. Take it to Murray.

F. Murray, Sir, will bow,
And tell you, with a simper, and a shrug,
That poetry, just now, is quite a *drug!*

B. For poetry, like MINE, he would afford—

F. Yes, if you were a doctor, or a lord!
Why, man, a BISHOP's note he scarce would squint on,
And mutter'd, "Who the devil is J. WINTON?"*
Friend, burn your epic—if you would succeed,
Take some choice hero of the *monkey* breed,†
Tell how with grave grimace, and winking glee,
He fairly *kick'd* his *wife* into the sea!
The simp'ring publisher, WHO PAID YOU MONEY,
Shall read "OUR QUARTERLY," and cry, "*how funny!*"
While epic, ode, and sonnet, all give place,
To Monomopata's *facetious* race.
Or if for gain or favour you would hope,
Pen a sharp article on BOWLES'S POPE;

* A note came to Mr. Murray, *on dit*, signed "J. Winton." Who is this J. Winton, of Chelsea? said the lofty Bibliopole. It was the Bishop of Winchester, to engage the publisher of the Quarterly to be the publisher of the Life of Pitt.

† See a Review of "*Anecdotes of Monkeys*," &c. published by John Murray.

Bring charges, heedless whether false or true,
Whilst Doodle *crows* to Noodle, "THIS WILL DO!"

Then "*well-observing*" Doodle shall confess
How "*well observeth*" NOODLE—F. R. S.
Then pug shall scratch his blither brother pug,
"Enlighten'd HUM" extol "*enlighten'd BUG*."
In taste, in sentiment, in style agree,
And, *both* together* chatter, "WE, WE, WE!"

[*Hum-bug.

* * * * *

Then *both* advancing with "collected might,"*
'Gainst BOWLES their "formidable" force unite,
Whilst lumb'ring dulness is *spurr'd* on by *spite*!

}

Let either SOLOMON,† and each a host,
Their pestles shake, and call on GILCHRIST's *ghost*;
Till that vile priest cry "Craven" is the dirt,
While Solomon‡ aloft *twangs* his triumphant squirt!§
B. But pause awhile, my friend! for aught you know,
BOWLES may get up, and give them *blow* for *blow*!
Seize Solomon's brass pestle in a trice,
And make the DOCTORS scamper off *like mice*!
The Gods|| at length shall cry, "Well done!" and Doodle
Shake his belabour'd head at brother Noodle;
Whilst ev'n JOHN MURRAY, looking somewhat blue,
To ——— *whispers*, "This won't do!!"

[*Exeunt* Noodle, Doodle, and Foodle, *severally*—
shaking their heads.]

* "Mr. Bowles collects all HIS MIGHT."—*Quarterly*.

† Critic and quack-doctor—*Duo fulmina belli*!

‡ Solomon the critic, having received this instrument from the quack!

§ This is an humble imitation of a lofty passage in Homer, quoted by Longinus.

|| Gods, "Jupiter Tonans, Apollo, and Mercurius, and the rest," conductors
of the periodical press, who, I hope, will think I have fought well, at least, with
such odds!

In the mean time, I must say to the critics "aboon the
 "Tweed," Tory and Whig, a few parting words. Christopher has generally given me a good word, when I have
 been put upon unfairly: he said, I "beat Byron *hollow out*
"of the ring!" He has partaken the humble symposiacks
 of my parsonage; and who knows but he may drink my
 health among the lads at Ambrose's, or, perhaps, he may
 "turn to the *right* about!"

Well, I must stand my chance! He cannot help Noodle,
 I am sure! But what can I—an English ecclesiastic, bred
 at Oxford, educated at a public school—say to him of the
 Edinburgh Review! Shall I deprecate his ire against our
 patrician establishments, in *Latin verse*?—

"Oh! tandem faveas summo, FRANCESCE, labori!"

"Te Rhedicyna* tremit!"

And,

"WINTON shakes through all her sons!"—(*Pope.*)

But this will not do! in the most classical strains, it seems,
canimus surdis, to all of sister *Peg's*† establishments; though
 I think, old John Bull is not far behind them in other
 accomplishments besides writing Latin verses, if we may
 judge from the splendid talents in either House of Parlia-
 ment!‡ Shall I place over the door of my parsonage a
sonnet, as Milton did?—

"Captain, or Colonel, or Knight, in arms!"

* Oxford.

† See Swift's History of John Bull.

‡ Mr. Canning, Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Grenville, Lord Colchester, Lord
 Chief Justice Abbott, gained the prize for Latin verses at Oxford! I do not
 think such early studies would have done Mr. Brougham any great harm:
 who, that has read his Inaugural Discourse, does not say,

"Talis cum sis—utinam NOSTER eses?"

I am afraid none of these things will do; so I will finish with an Impromptu, on the circumstance which happened the only time I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Jeffrey,—for I have dined with that Tory, North; and have *breakfasted* with the Whig editor of the Edinburgh, and his publisher!

The circumstance to which I allude is this,—I left the critic, wearing *his* hat on my head (I dare say he remembers it), and he went away with that of the “writer of sentimental ‘sonnets!’” Lord Byron concluded his grand exhibition of the Temples of Athens, with the chapter on the sensitive Doctor’s Hat, on board ship! I therefore conclude with this

IMPROMPTU,

*On wearing away the Hat of the Editor of the
Edinburgh Review.*

Hypocrates saith, “Let us be covered!—In what chapter?
“The chapter of *hats*!” *Moliere.*

TALKING of critics, poets, and all that,
I trudg’d away with the SCOTCH CRITIC’S HAT!
He—arguing with an Oxenford divine,
A man of *dactyls*—trotted off with mine!
Contagious was the fact, for since that time,
For *critic lore*, I left *congenial rhyme*;
And if, from the same cause, we might expect
In *critic craniums* the like effect,
When next we meet, he’ll say, “Depend upon it—
“Write what they please—Bowles, THAT’S a *famous sonnet*! *
“And though I’m ‘*sick*’ enough of ‘Pope and *prate*,’
“And all OUR LABOURS are—for CHURCH and STATE;
“Though ‘ART and NATURE’ be a worn-out story!
“Bring my OLD CRAB,—I’ll THRASH that LYING TORY!!”

* Sonnet on Tweed, by the author.

And here,—“**CÆSTUS ARTEMQUE REPONO,**”—I lay down “the cæstus,” the fiddle, &c., and, I hope, ill-will to all; wishing even Mr. Roscoe a happy new-year, though he should not call me “a fiend.”

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Appendix.

A LITTLE scheme will shew us better than any words the mode universally adopted by such opponents:

BOWLES.	POPE-DEFENDERS.
"Step beyond decorum."	Attempt to commit a "rape."
Ditto.	"Formidable attack."
Ditto.	"Attack."
Prudence.	Sordidness.
Warm friend, affectionate son, } benevolent man. }	Mr. Bowles has wiled away EVERY VIRTUE!
Connection took place when } THERE WAS NO GREAT DAN- } GER OF A FALSE STEP!! }	"A LIFE OF SYSTEMATICAL "DEPRAVITY!!!"

Well may such daring distorters say, that "*in words*" I am not to be convicted; but who could stand the test, whilst such an infamous mode of interpretation is resorted to, in direct contradiction to my *words*, both in meaning and spirit, by those who

"Read but with a *lust* to misapply,
"As all seems *yellow* to the jaundic'd eye?" Pope.

**EXTRACTS FROM ADVERTISEMENT,
AND LIFE OF POPE.**

I HAVE thought it best to subjoin a few extracts from the Life of Pope, that those, who have not my edition, may compare its general spirit with the truth and candour of this elaborate and unprincipled misrepresentation:

BOWLES.

"The notes by Warton have been revised, and much which he had admitted has been rejected; though it is hoped that all which is truly valuable has been retained. The offensive epistle is excluded; and if the chapter of the 'Double Mistress,' AFTER SOME HESITATION, has found a place, it has been on account of its exquisite humour, and because, though offensive to delicacy, it is not seductive or dangerous to principles."

"Some original papers have been, for OBVIOUS REASONS, OMITTED. Those which have been published I do not think can detract from the MORAL CHARACTER OF THE WRITER. What man, indeed, if all the errors of his youth were severely scanned, could escape censure? In other respects, the letters are natural, interesting, and creditable to his (Pope's) feelings. Among the omissions I NOW SINCERELY WISH I had included the farce of 'Three Hours after Marriage;' but it was printed when I was afflicted with illness, and

"was scarcely able to judge for myself. I think it right to express my sorrow, though too late: the rest I leave to the candour of the public."

LIFE OF POPE.

"If he (Mr. Bowles) forbears, unnecessarily and wantonly, to obtrude any thing which might INJURE ANOTHER'S FAME, except where a regard TO TRUTH extorts it, or where, as in the case of ADDISON, it is demanded by justice, to those whose fame has suffered; if he be conscious of being actuated solely by these feelings; he will not fear, though he approaches the task with diffidence, to represent, as faithfully as he is able, the leading facts and traits in the history and character of a person, *estimable indeed for many virtues*, but those blended, as all human excellence must be, with shades of infirmity; distinguished for superior poetical talents, and pre-eminently adorning the literature of his age, but memorable for merits and defects, for attachments and animosities."

"His son's (Pope's) poetical attempts served at once to amuse the leisure, and to flatter the vanity of the parent: but we should not have had the NAME OF POPE, as one of the GREATEST ORNAMENTS OF THE AGE."

"Dr. Warton says, that from his profession 'he had seen compositions of youths of sixteen years old, far beyond the Pastorals in point of genius and imagination, though not of correctness.' But I fear not to assert, that he never could have seen any compositions of boys of that age so perfect in versification, so copious, yet so nice, in expression, so correct, so spirited, and so finished, as these alterations and translations."

"In the Rape of the Lock, to the melliflence which distinguished his pastorals, to the 'carminis artem,' (the most consummate skill of versification in its kind,) he added what might before have been denied to him, the powers of the happiest INVENTION: here were no images and sentiments borrowed and diluted, if I may so say, from Virgil: ALL WAS NEW AND FANCIFUL. He stood upon his own ground; and whilst he placed at an IMMENSE DISTANCE those who had before succeeded in the Mock-Heroic, (Boileau and Garth,) claimed the highest praise the most successful poet could boast: for the machinery (it matters not from what source taken) was so appropriate, so beautifully interwoven, and so poetical, that the shafts of Den- nis, when he afterwards attacked it, severe and acute as he was, dropt impotent."—(Is this degradation?)

"But the most extraordinary circumstance relating to this epistle in verse, and which evinces the GROSSNESS OF THE TIMES, or the licentiousness of the man, was the conclusion of it, now suppressed, so coarse and indecent, that it almost surpasses belief it could have been sent to any woman, (much less one for whom he professed esteem,) if the lines in his own hand-writing were not extant.*

"Whatever may be said of the vices of the present age, in many respects, it is so superior to the last, that a professed woman of the town would now feel insulted at receiving what was then written to a woman of character. I am willing to believe that two copies were written, one, which he sent the lady, and another, which he kept for the 'consilia secretiora' of Cromwell, and his other friends of the same character. At this time, indeed, he absurdly affected a levity of dissipation. In his verses 'On leaving Town,' he calls himself

"The gayest valetudinaire,
"Most *thinking* rake alive."

* Unfortunately, the post-marks were on all the letters, but this I concealed!

*And what would decent woman
think of addressing in one of
her verses of her friend more*

"Doncastle, in a letter extant; written long afterwards, says, 'I am glad you are turn'd such a *bon vivant*.' This affectation was occasioned by vanity and the intercourse of gay companions, but WAS NEITHER CONGENIAL TO HIS DISPOSITION, NOR LONG CONTINUED."

"He died," (his father,) "with the feelings so beautifully and pathetically described by Dr. Morel:

" 'Tears such as tender fathers shed,
 " ' Warm from my aged eyes descend,
 " ' For joy—to think, *when I am dead*,
 " ' My son shall have MANKIND HIS FRIEND.' "

"In 1721, he published the collection of Parnel's poems, with those verses, next to Eloisa, the sweetest he ever wrote, addressed to Lord Oxford, and which do as much honour to him as a man, as they do credit to him as a poet. There is no lover of poetry, upon their mention, who does not almost involuntarily repeat with tenderness,

" 'Such were the notes,' &c."

"A FRIENDLY but indefinite connexion, a strange MIXTURE of passion, gallantry, licentiousness, and kindness, had long taken place between himself and the Miss Blounts!"

N.B. Reader, observe: In the critic's "SIEVE," every word of this sentence is omitted, except "*licentiousness!*"

"On the death of their brother, his intimate friend and correspondent, he seems to speak more openly* his disguised sentiments to Martha, who from this time became his confidant, having admitted a connexion which subjected

* Letter to Martha, in tenth volume, persuading her to leave her friends, and domesticate with him.

"her to some ridicule, but which ended only with his life. Pope was now in his 39th year. He was never indifferent to female society, and though his good sense prevented him, conscious of so many personal infirmities,* from marrying, yet he felt the want of that sort of reciprocal tenderness and confidence in a female, to whom he might freely communicate his thoughts, and on whom, in sickness and infirmity, he could rely. All this Martha Blount became to him: by degrees she became identified with his existence. She partook of his disappointments, his vexations, and his comforts. Wherever he went, his correspondence with her was never remitted; and when the warmth of gallantry was over, the cherished idea of kindness and regard remained."

"All things considered, in the first instance, no great blame can surely attach to Pope: his subject was public, and the imperial fopperies of the Duke of Chandos were public. The 'False Taste' (under which title the Epistle first appeared) was, as far as taste could be concerned, a public evil; the correction of it, a public good."

"This year, 1733, he lost his aged mother, who had gradually sunk before his eyes into the extremest imbecility of age, and whose 'cradle of parting repose' he had so long rocked with solicitude and affection. The most beautiful monument in his garden, an obelisk erected to her memory in a small circus of dark evergreens, yew, &c. still appears uninjured, with an inscription perfectly visible on the four sides:

" Ah EDITHA,
 " Mulierum optima,
 " Matrum amantissima,
 " Vale.

* See additional letters, in which he himself implies this circumstance as a reason for not thinking of marriage.

“By the death of Gay and his mother he lost not only much of that which sweetened life, but much which operated, on the various occasions of disgust with the world, as the balm to his wounded feelings. Whatever irritation he might sometimes have experienced, he no sooner turned his eye on those he loved, but his passions seemed to subside, and his spirit became gentle. Hence, in his severest denunciations of satirical indignation, he so often and so delightfully interests us by unexpected touches of domestic tenderness.”

“After the death of his friend Gay, and of his mother, all that was tender in the heart of Pope now rested on one whom he had loved with more or less ardour from 1712; with passions sometimes wavering this way, and sometimes, as in the case of Lady Mary, determined another. Martha Blount had now the sole ascendancy: he was also to her, in some degree, if not from choice, yet from circumstances, almost necessary. She had seen her youth fade, and all hopes of a *suitable settlement in life wear out*; whilst she had incurred alternately censure or pity, for a mysterious connexion with one whom she could not acknowledge as a husband. She had melancholy leisure to sum up what she had gained, and her vanity might at times magnify the idea of what she had lost. Charmed at first with the thought of possessing the exclusive attentions and flattery of so distinguished a poet, she insensibly was led on to a SENTIMENTAL and UNDEFINED union.”

N.B. Reader, this is turned into “a LIFE OF SYSTEMATICAL licentiousness!”

“It was now, however, too late to recede; the connexion had become habitual: they had long corresponded: she had been the depository of his secrets and his cares; and he was disappointed if, wherever he was an inmate, she was not admitted also.”—*Life of Pope, Bowles's edition.*

I now come to speak of the portentous "if true," by which I endeavoured to excite so strong an impression against Pope!

LIFE OF POPE.

"One circumstance is mentioned by H. Walpole, which, if true, was indeed flagitious. Walpole informs Gray, that the character of Atossa was shewn to the Duchess of Buckingham, and to the Duchess of Marlborough; that Pope received a thousand pounds from the Duchess of Marlborough, promising on these terms to suppress it; that he took the money, and then published it!

"It must be owned, from the most solemn assertion made use of, it might seem that Pope thought the *assertion* alone sufficient to prove his adherence to the engagement; but a STORY SO BASE, I think, OUGHT NOT FOR A MOMENT TO BE ADMITTED SOLELY ON the testimony of Walpole.

"Pope certainly was not a favourite (on account of political differences) with the Walpoles, though he received civilities from Sir Robert; and till there is other proof besides the *ex parte* evidence and sole assertion of Walpole, the SAME CANDOUR which made us reject what, upon no better foundation, was said of ADDISON, ought to make us reject, with equal readiness, the belief of a circumstance so DEROGATORY TO THE CHARACTER OF POPE. Whatever can be proved ought not to be rejected: whatever has no other foundation but the *ipse dixit* of an adversary, is entitled to no regard, particularly when the first essential of character is in question."

"The anger of Swift was general; the spleen of Pope particular: one was disgusted with the *nature of man*; the other piqued and offended by *individuals*, confining his

"animosity to the small circle of those who offended him. "Swift, politically speaking, was disappointed that the high post in society, to which, from his talents, he thought himself entitled to aspire, was early wrested from the grasp of his ambition. Pope, attaining a situation, though a private one, much higher than he could have expected, chiefly felt offended when his intellectual superiority was disputed.

"Neither had reason to complain; but the acrimony of Swift was directed against man and society; the spleen of Pope against the individuals, Phillips, and Dennis, Lord Fanny, and Lady Mary, &c. &c."

"The letters he wrote to Martha Blount, at this time, are peculiarly interesting. All his levity was gone, and a SINCERE AND SETTLED FRIENDSHIP SEEMED ONLY TO REMAIN."

N.B. I shall leave the comment on this malignant scrib-
bler's black perversions to every honest heart in the kingdom.

"His friends had long since sunk round him. Gay, Arbuthnot, Atterbury, were no more. He felt himself more alone and sad in the world, and unequal to finish a work he had meditated, which, judging from the specimen, (the fourth book of the Dunciad,) I think, would have been the noblest and most legitimate satire he ever wrote."

"His mind was now intent on collecting his works, which, before he left the world, he endeavoured very laudably to render such as might be bequeathed to posterity.

"During this state, in which infirmities and sorrows were gathering fast, it is said, he was neglected by one, whose consolation and kindness he most needed; by her who had so long been the depository of his hopes and anxieties, his

"joys and sorrows; the friend and favourite of his heart,—
 "Martha Blount."

"That he was a most dutiful and affectionate son, a kind
 "master, a sincere friend, and, generally speaking, a bene-
 "volent man, is undoubted.

"In speaking of other parts of his character, I would ad-
 "vance no opinion but that which I think can be directly
 "proved; and, at the same time, I trust I should never for-
 "get the sentiment that 'I would so judge as I would wish
 "to be judged."

"If he had received a more enlarged education, whether
 "he would have been so great a poet I know not; but I do
 "not fear to say, he would have been a more estimable
 "member of society; a more complacent, and a more happy
 "man. He would have known the exact point which his
 "abilities reached: he would have excelled without vanity,
 "and viewed competitors for fame without alarm."

"If he sometimes contradicted himself, particularly in
 "speaking at one time disrespectfully of those whom he had
 "at other times exalted, it ought in charity to be attributed
 "more to the acuteness of feeling at the time, than to way-
 "ward and unmanly caprice."

"If any thing should have been advanced, which, upon
 "farther consideration, may appear groundless or hasty, I
 "shall be more happy to retract it,

("— to mark the passage into a blot,
 "And hate the line where candour was forgot,")

"than any of his most sanguine admirers."

“Many facts tend to prove the peculiar susceptibility of his passions; nor can we implicitly believe that the connexion between him and Martha Blount was of a nature ‘so pure and innocent,’ as his panegyrist Ruffhead would make us believe. But whatever there might be of criminality in the connexion, it did not take place till the ‘hey-day’ of youth was over; that is, after the death of her brother (1726), when he was thirty-eight, and she thirty-six. Teresa was of the same age with Pope, being born at Paris, 1688. Martha three years younger, was born at Maple-Durham 1691: consequently she was thirty-six, when the connexion between her and Pope became more avowed and explicit. At this time of life there was perhaps no great danger of a “FALSE STEP.”*

“But the most extraordinary circumstance, in regard to his connexion with female society, was the STRANGE mixture of indecent, and sometimes *profane* levity, which his conduct and language often exhibited.”

“This LEVITY, to call it by its slightest name, I wish to consider, though it is no palliation, as *palpable* and *gross* *affectation*, from which he was in no instance free.

“It may seem strange that such language could be endured; but we must consider the character of the times.”

“In many instances he appears to have felt a sort of libertine love, which his passions continually prompted him to declare; but which the consciousness of his infirmities, and we ought to add his MORAL FEELINGS, CORRECTED AND RESTRAINED.

* Not “so pure and innocent,” as Ruffhead imagined, alludes to his letters. “No great danger of a FALSE STEP,” to his Life.

"If these and other parts of his character appear less
 "amiable, let the reader constantly keep in mind the physi-
 "cal and moral causes which operated on a mind like his:
 "let him remember his life, 'one long disease,' the natural
 "passions, which he must have felt in common with all the
 "world, disappointed: his tenderness thrown back on his
 "heart, only to gather there with more force, and more
 "ineffectual wishes: his confined education, intrusted chiefly
 "to those who were themselves narrow-minded: his being
 "used from the cradle to listen only to the voice of partial
 "indulgence; of tenderness, almost maternal, in all who
 "contemplated his weakness and his incipient talents.*—
 "When he has duly weighed these things, and attended to
 "every alleviating circumstance that his knowledge of the
 "world, or his charity, may suggest, then let him not hastily
 "condemn what truth compels me to state; but let him
 "rather, without presuming on his own virtues, lament the
 "imperfection of our common nature, and leave the judg-
 "ment to HIM, 'who knoweth whereof we are made, who
 "'remembereth we are but dust.'"—*Life of Pope.*

" * . Whatever might have been his defects, he could not be said to have many
 "bad qualities, who never lost a friend, and whom Arbuthnot, Gay, Bathurst,
 "Lyttleton, Fortescue, and Murray, esteemed and loved through life."

I shall merely add the Character of Pope's Letters, and Cowper's, as given by me in my edition.

"The letters of Cowper, also a poet, form a perfect contrast to Pope's. In them (Pope's) I see a mind *striving* to be great, and *affecting* to be *unaffected*; in the other, we contemplate, not the *studious* loftiness, but the *playfulness*, of a mind *naturally* lofty, throwing, at random, a ray of sweetness, cheerfulness, and tenderness, upon whatever subject occurs, mixed occasionally with *severer touches* of wisdom, and a mournful, but seldom angry, survey of the follies of mankind. We see the *playful* humour mingled with melancholy, and the melancholy mingled with kindness, sound feelings, sincerity, and tenderness." ---

On the note of mine, "*it has been observed*," &c.

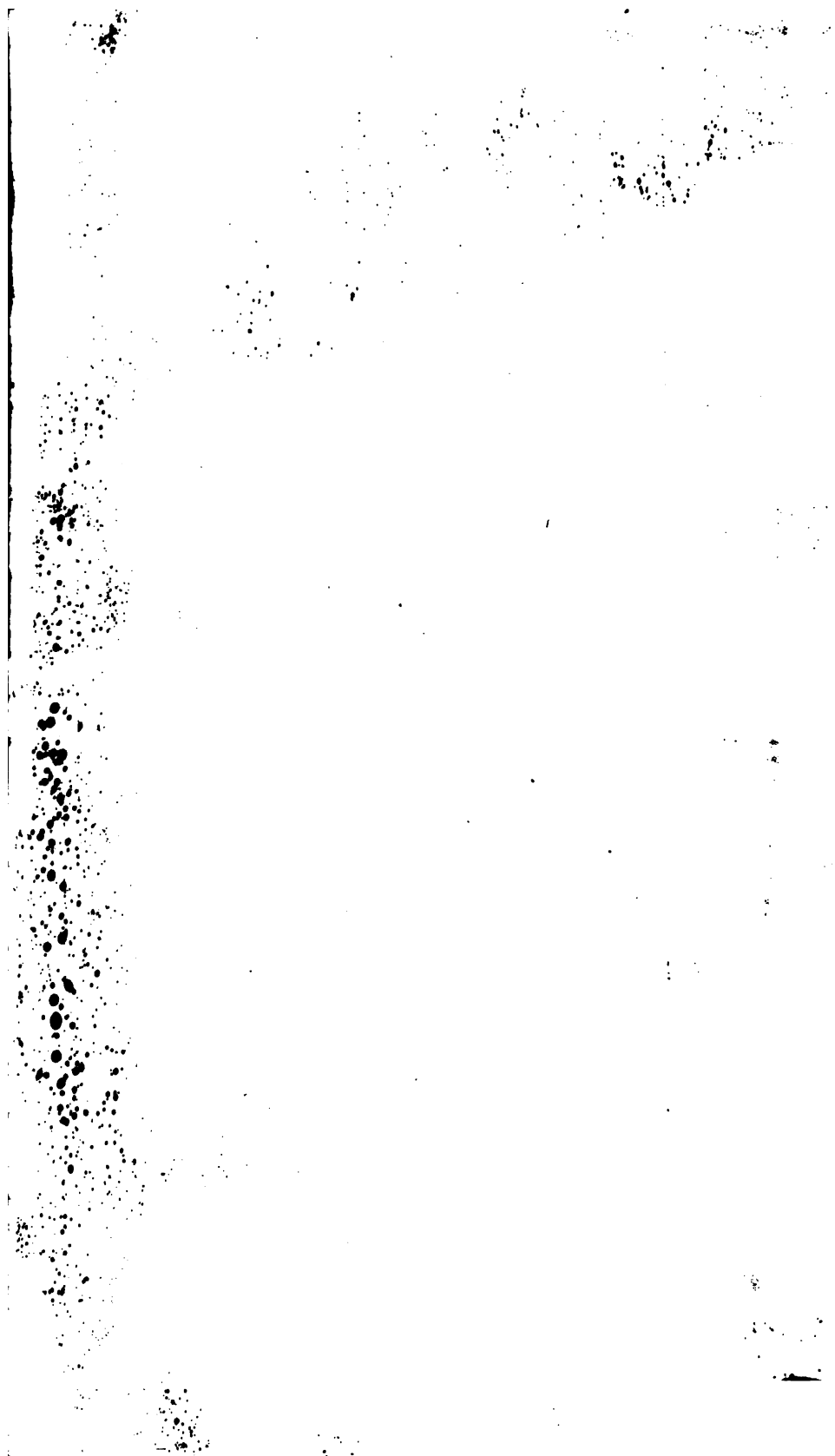
Now, I know what will be retorted, if I say a word about "memory!" I therefore will not assert it, but I will say, that it is my sincere conviction, on a most anxious recollection, that the words, "*your letter is short, but much to the purpose*," were the words of POPE HIMSELF. I did not specify *from whence* this observation, so "*much to the purpose*," came, lest I might appear to imply more than I wished to do; but the latter part of the note from Pope was too gross and infamous to be printed! I never so much as alluded to it, and took *his* observation on myself!!

FINIS.

CORRIGENDA.

- Page viii. line 21 (Dedication): *for* "prayer of," *read*, prayers *for*.
— iii. — 14 (Prefatory part): *read*, "who was the most intemperate."
— 68, — 24 (Letters, &c.): *for* "passes this without a word of acknowledgment," *read*, passes through this "sieve" without a word of acknowledgment.
— 80, — 31: *for* "not only '*full-blown*' with honours himself, but be '*well known*,'" *read*, if not yet "*full-blown*," at least *well known*.
— 82, — 14: *for* "1735," *read* 1734.
— 85, — 12: *for* "1735," *read* 1734.
— 110, last line, last word: *for* "the," *read* though.
— 114, line 4: *for* "and never heard of," *read*, and his name never heard of.

Dryden, according to his monument, certainly died in 1700.







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